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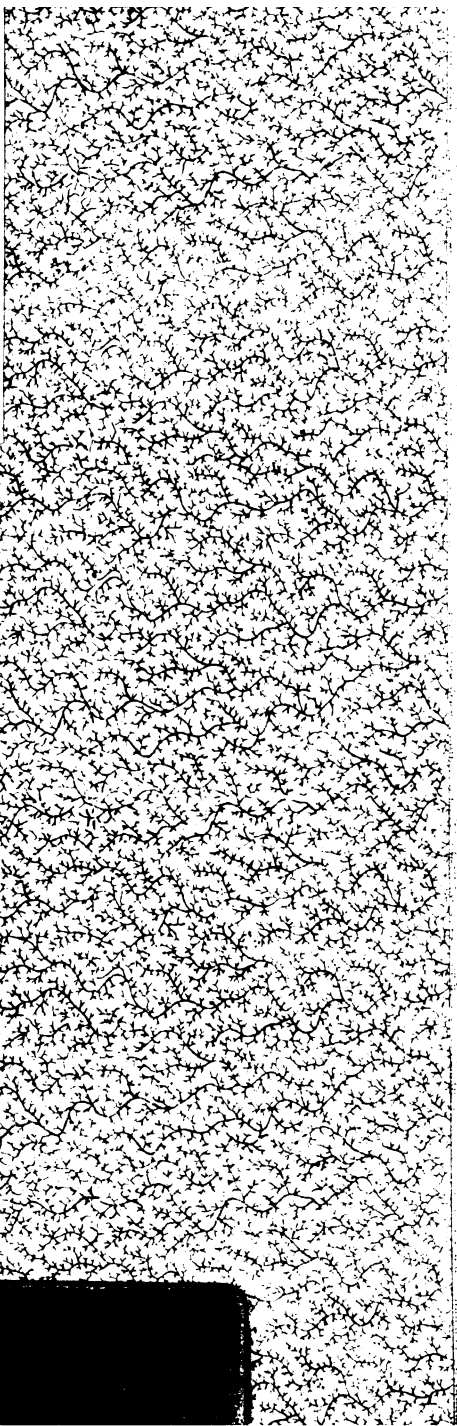
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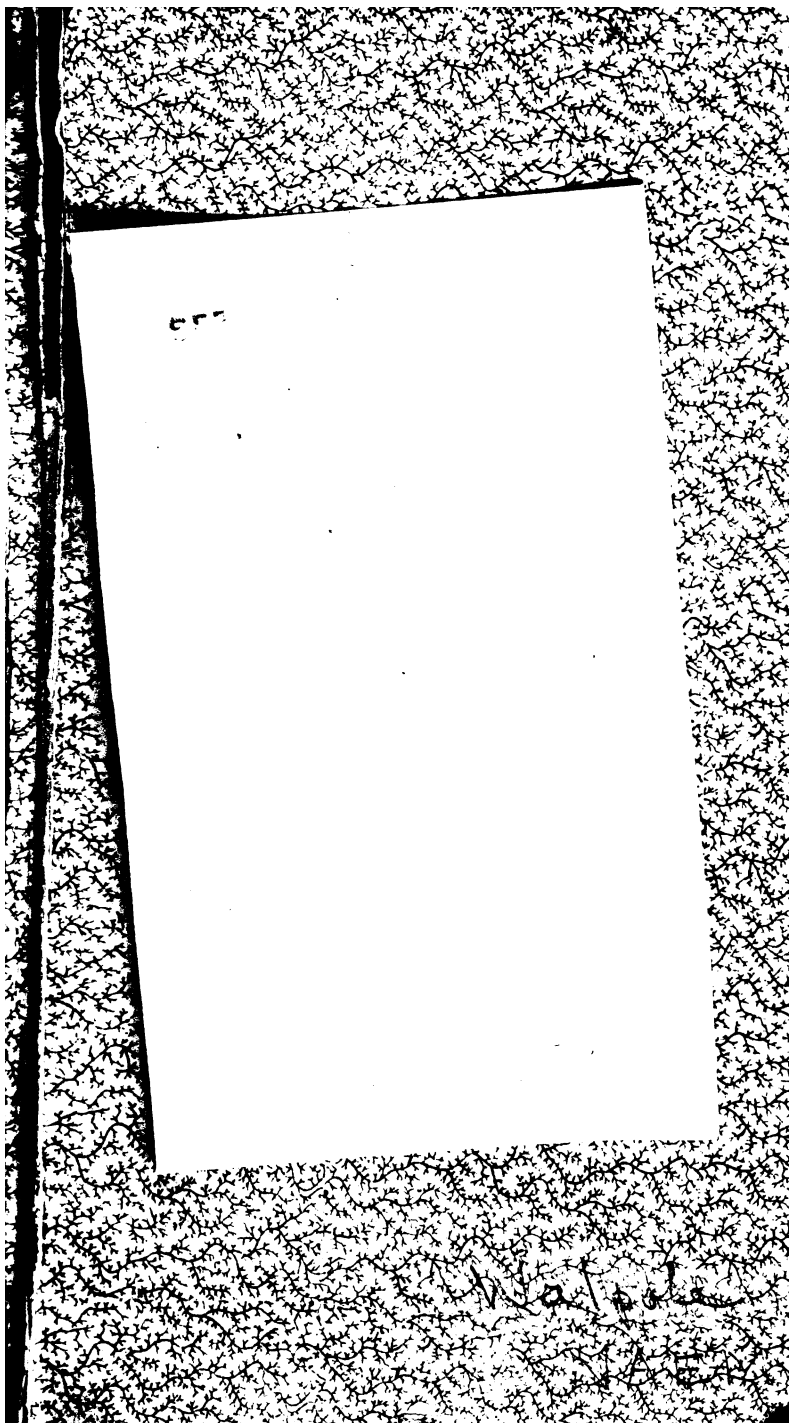
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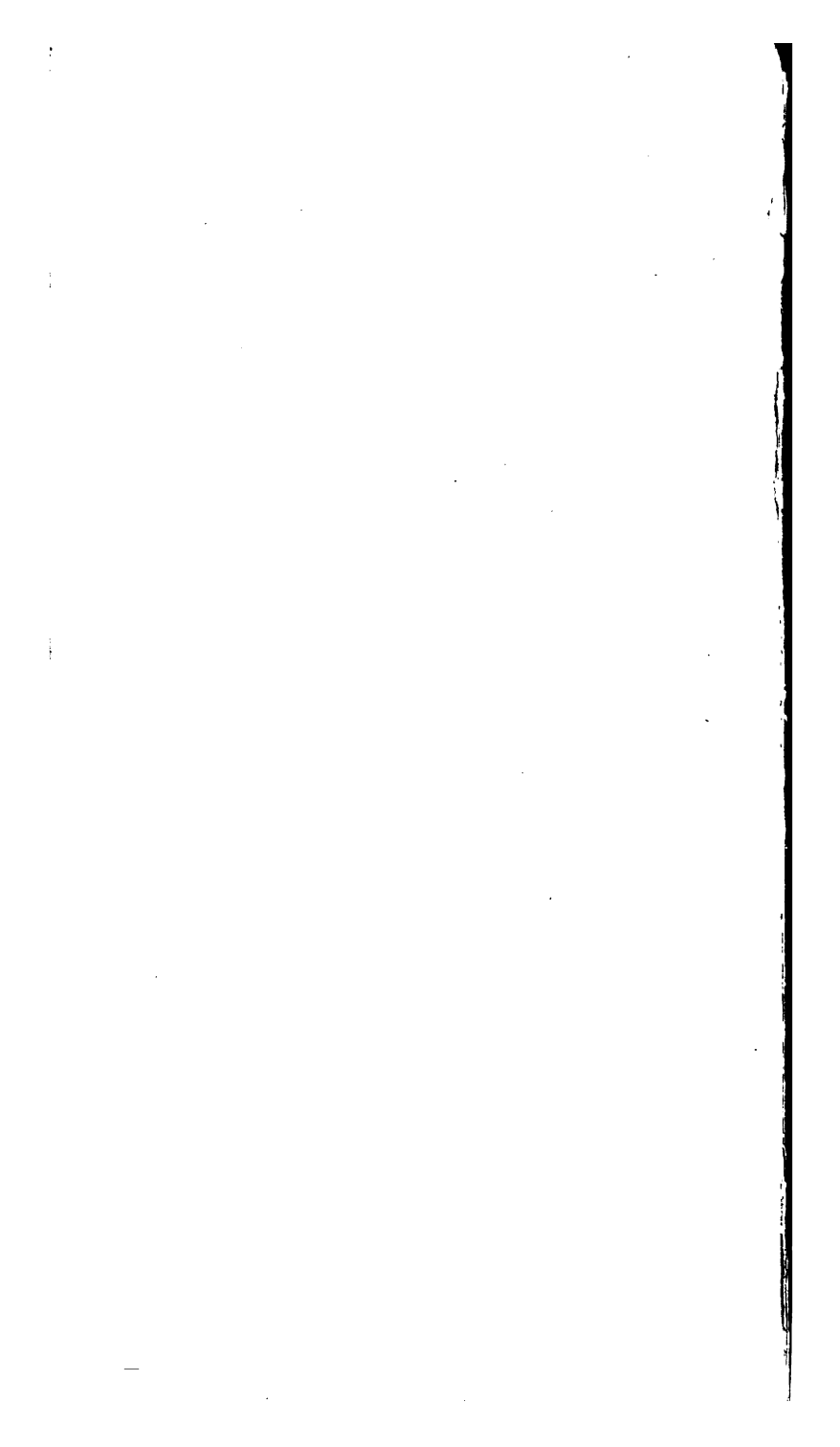
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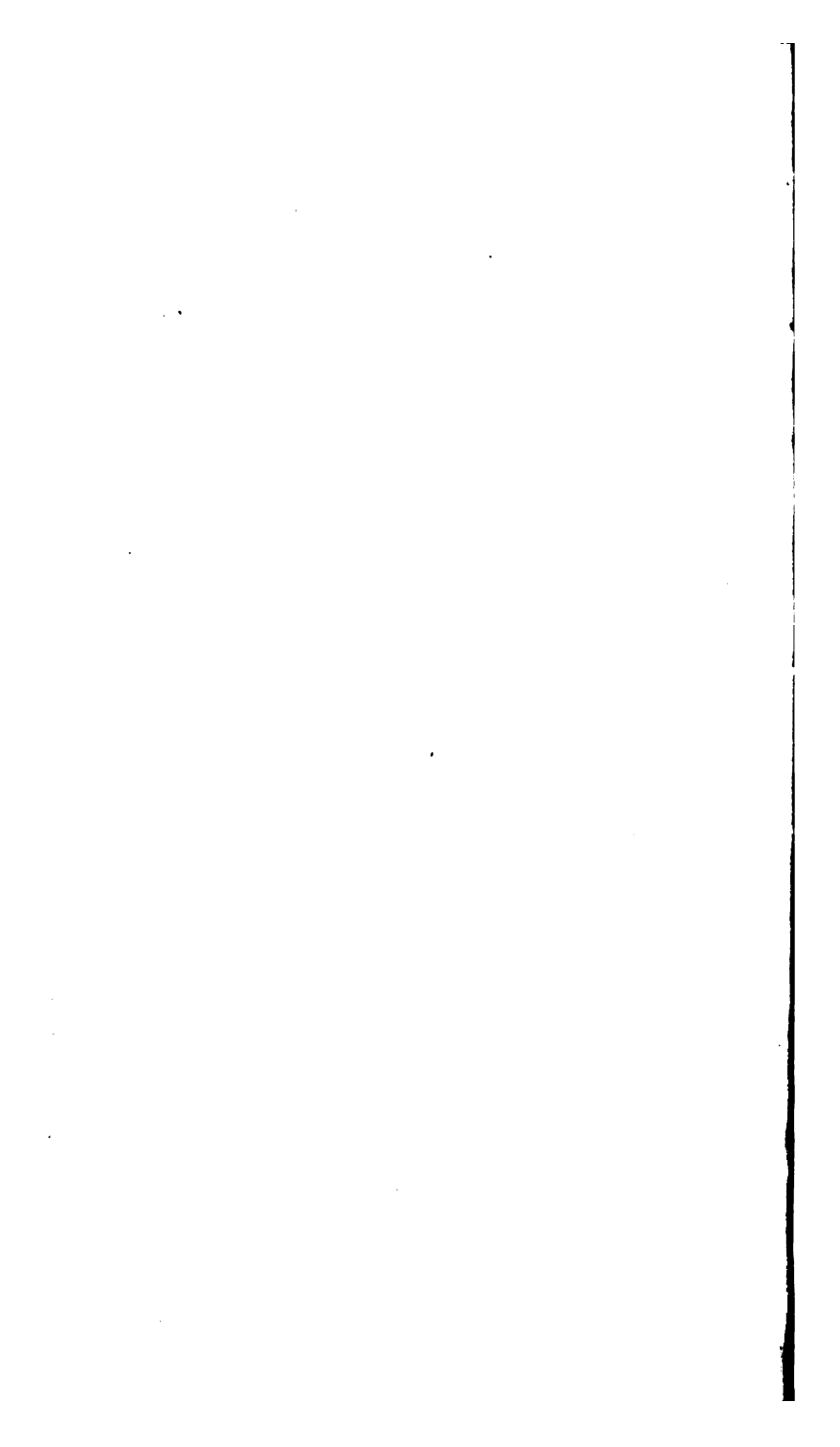
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THE
GARLAND
OF
FLOWERS;
COMPOSED OF
TRANSLATIONS, CHIEFLY ORIGINAL,

FROM THE

SPANISH, | GREEK,
ITALIAN, | LATIN,

&c.

Robert Walpole

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Ne leggano i severi i detti nostri... TASEO.

NEW-YORK:

RE-PRINTED BY AND FOR L. BILET & CO.

NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, BROADWAY.

1806.



NOV 28 1951

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THE Reader is here presented with a Translation of the Poem of Garcilaso de la Vega, written on the death of Isabel de Freyre, the wife of Don Antonio de Fonseca. It is to be found in the Parnaso Espanol, vol. II. in the Egloga in which Salicio and Nemoroso are introduced as the speakers. By the former, Garcilaso himself is represented; by the latter, the husband of Isabel. Those who are desirous of obtaining information concerning the life and writings of the Spanish poet, are referred to the publication above mentioned. The following Poem was not selected as the most beautiful or most interesting of his productions: the object which chiefly presented itself to the mind of the Translator, in the version of this and many other pieces in the present work, was a desire to make himself, by such exercise, more intimately acquainted with the language of the originals.

The contents of this volume are submitted to the Public as the result of the employment of hours of relaxation from other literary pursuits. From their general nature

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they are not entitled to aspire, in the words of the Italian bard, to the "suon de' nuovi inusitati accenti." They cannot claim to the author the application of the animated lines of Testi:

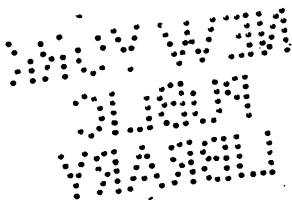
" Tu nascesti dalle Muse; a i tuoi vagiti
I suoi canti alterno Pindo e Permesso;
E nuovi lauri al tuo natale istesso
Dell' onda Ippocrenea nacquer su i liti."

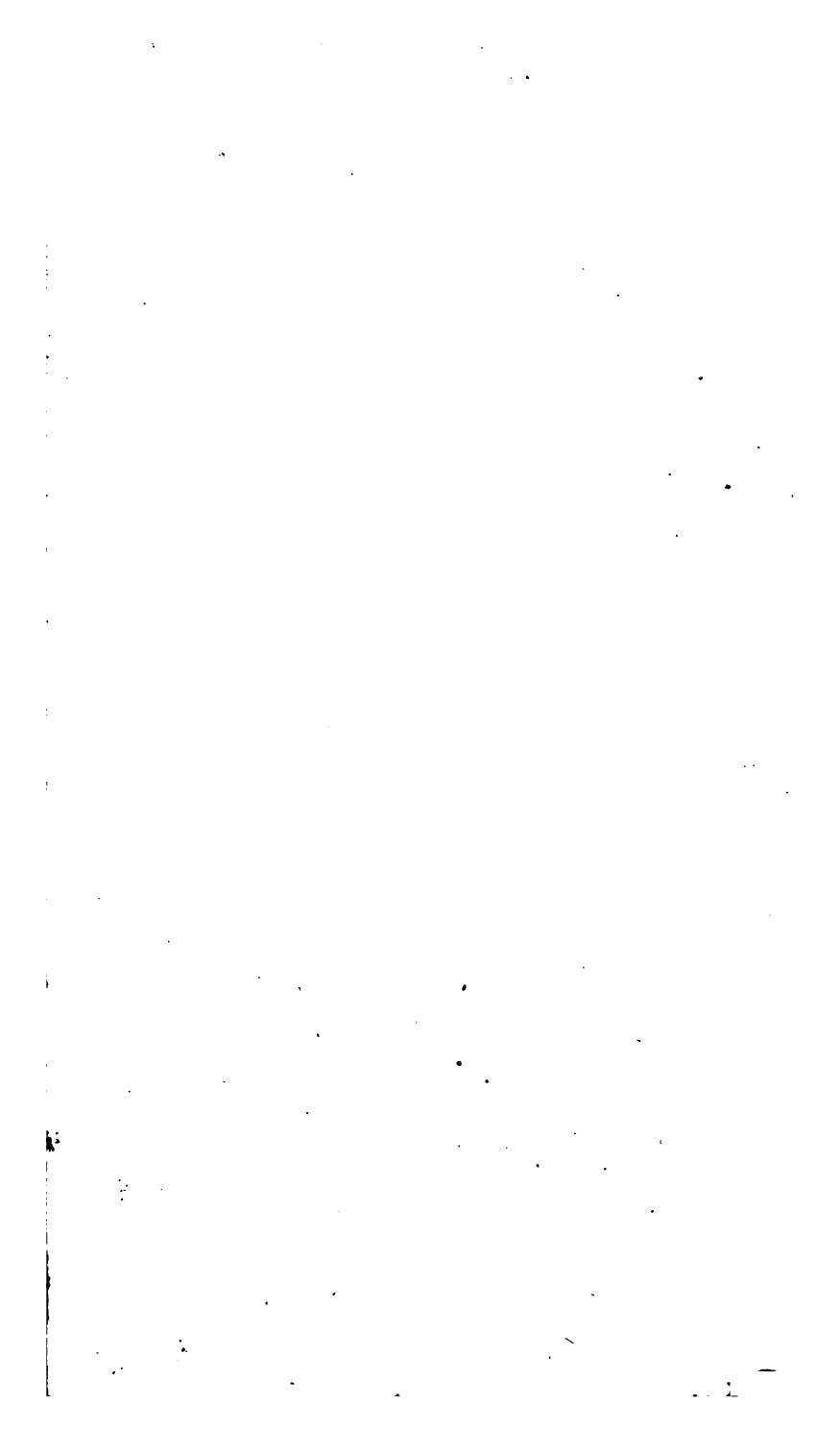
Comp. Lirici, II. 175.

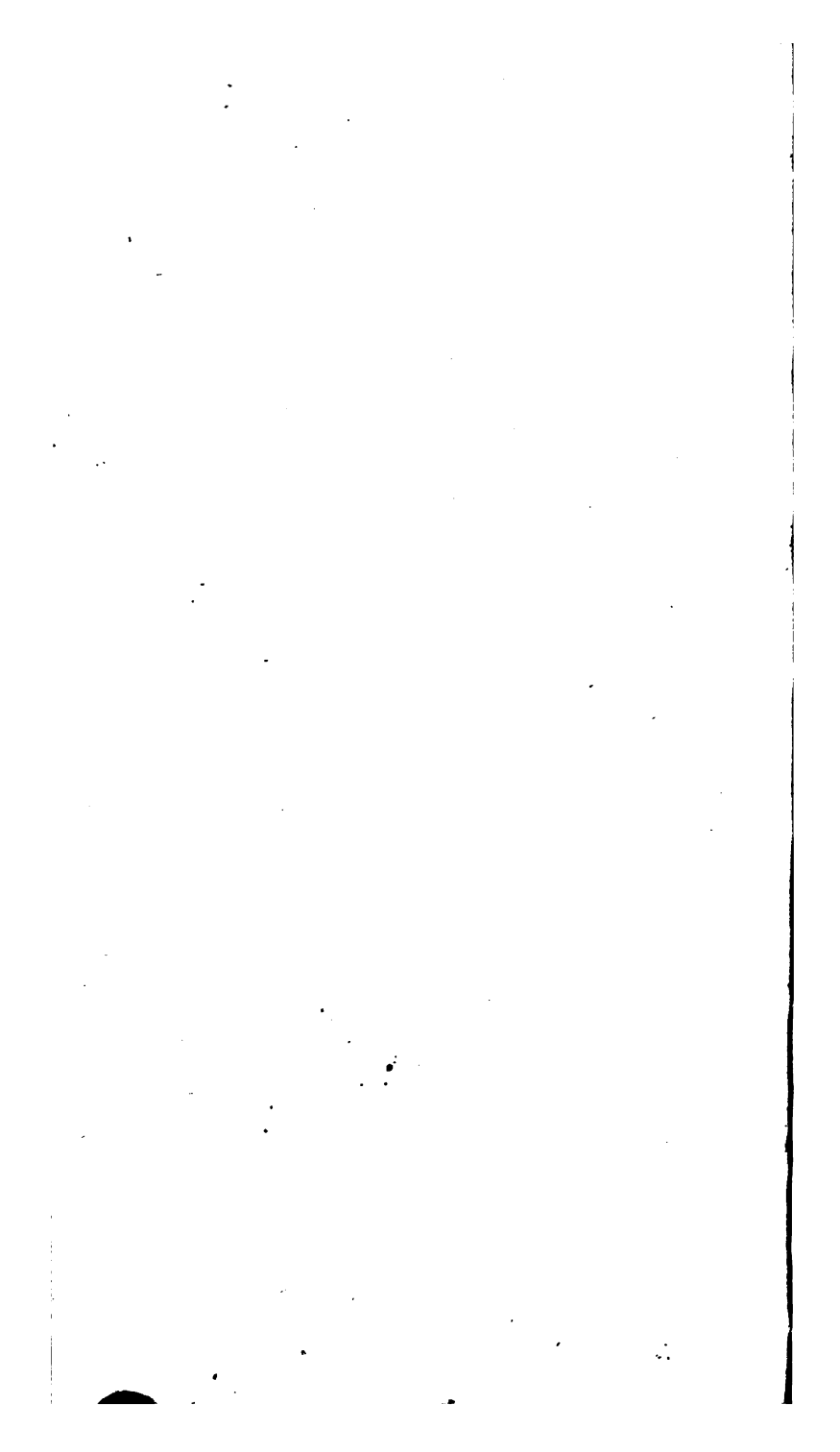
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ROBERT WALPOLE.

The Reader will observe that Garcilaso has used the word *Elisa*, the anagram of *Isabel*; "a quien celebra con el anagramma de Elisa."—*Par. Es.*







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ISABEL,
TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

OF

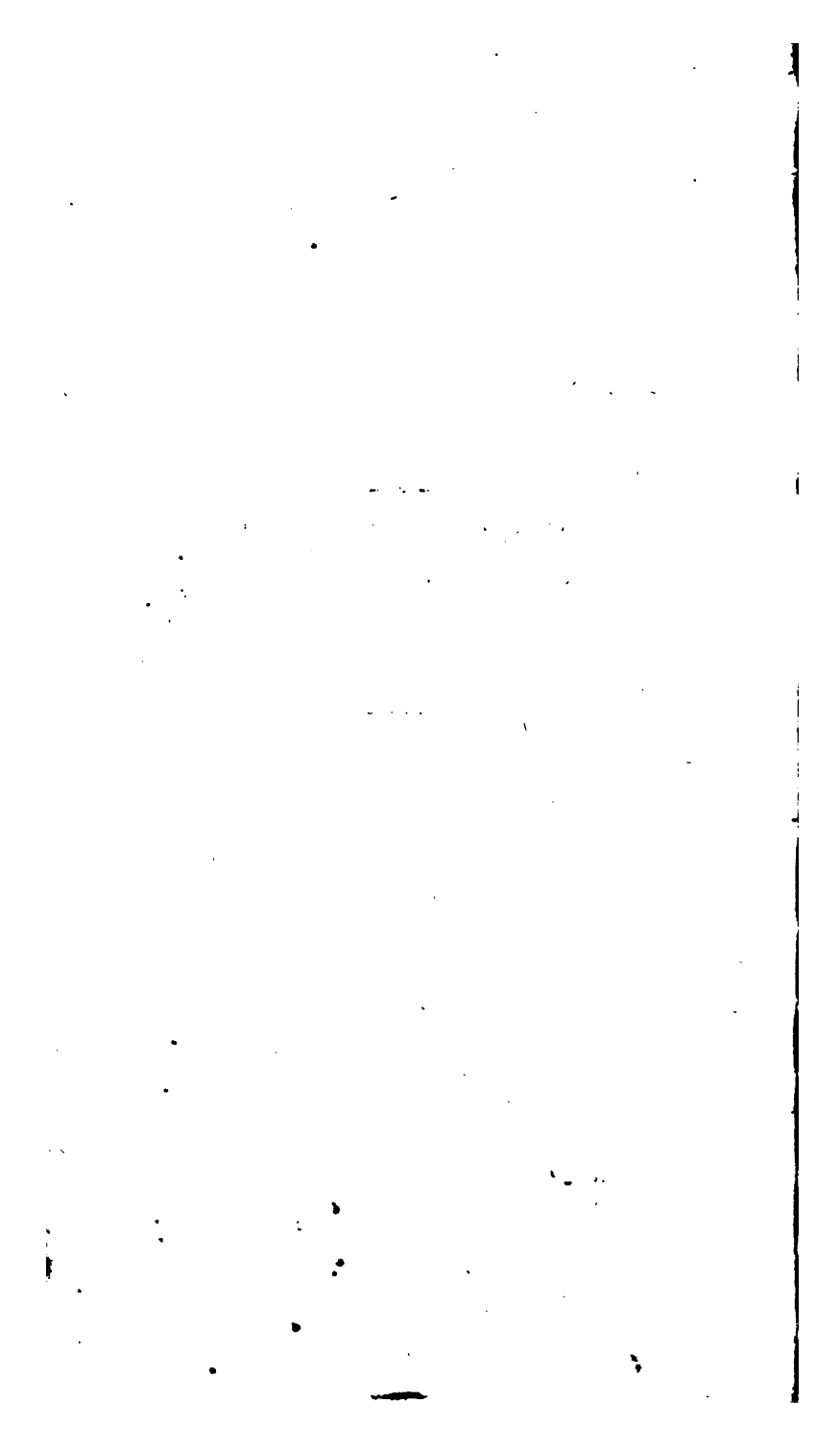
Garcilaso de la Vega.



Ahi, questo d'Imeneo frutto si coglie?

• • • • •
Piangono ancor le giovanette spose
E temendo simil cruda sciagura
Al talamo nuzial vanno ritrose.

FRUGONI. See note, p. 7.



ISABEL.

FROM THE SPANISH.

“ Ita n’e Beatrice in alto cielo,
Nel reame ove gli Angeli hanno pace.”

DANTE.

* YE crystal floods, that lave
With gently murmuring wave
These banks, where Spring its earliest sweets exhales;
Ye lofty shades, that show
Within the stream below
Your broad boughs bending to the whispering gales;

.....
* “ Corrientes aguas puras cristallinas,” &c.

B

Ye verdant plains and groves,
 That Melancholy loves,
 Where pours the bird of night her softest lays ;
 Ah scenes that ever dear
 To Memory still appear,
 For still they paint the joys of former days !

And here, when life first smil'd,
 Did Hope, sweet Fancy's child,
 Bid the blythe hours in circling rapture roll ;
 But thou, fell Grave, at last
 Hast torn with withering blast
 Each wreath that Joy had twin'd around my soul.

O that thy ruthless power
 Had in some future hour,
 Some later time, pronounc'd her fatal doom !
 Perchance with age opprest
 I then had sunk to rest,
 Then follow'd thee, Eliza, to thy tomb.

And is all fled, like dreams
 That fade before Morn's beams ?
 In vain these eyes each grace, each charm require,
 That once thy form around
 With youth and beauty crown'd,
 Awak'd pure love, and kindled young desire.

No more thy lips disclose
 Sweets of the opening rose,
 No more thy dark locks float upon the wind ;
 And in the grave below
 Cold lies that breast of snow,
 Which Virtue chasten'd, and which Taste refin'd.

Ah, who would e'er have deem'd,†
 When late gay Fancy beam'd,
 And bade her pencil's brightest colours glow,
 That soon athwart the skies,
 The murky storm should rise,
 That soon the sable tide of grief should flow ?

.....

† " Quien me dixera, Elisa, vida mia," &c.

And now that thou art laid
 Beneath yon cypress shade,
 O'er Nature's face what lowering glooms appear ;
 Fade all the herbs and flowers ;*
 That deck'd these verdant bowers ;
 Fade all the honours of the purple year.

As when the Sun has fled.
 Unto his western bed,
 And shadowy phantoms through the night arise,
 Affright and Terror pale
 The sinking heart assail,
 Till the glad dawn beam forth, and gild the orient skies

So since to Heaven upborne
 Thou'st left me here to mourn,
 One long drear night of woe my soul dismays ;—
 O that it soon may fly,
 And that blest day be nigh,
 In which on thee again I may securely gaze !

.....
 * “ *El' erbe, e i fior lasciar nude le piagge
 Ne piu di fronde il bosco si cosperse.*”

PIETRO BEMBO.

And as with plaintive strains
 Lone Philomel complains,
 And pours her sorrows on the Night's dull ear,
 When from the secret wood,
 Where slept the callow brood,
 Some ruthless swain has torn her offspring dear

So to thy memory flow
 These tears of endless woe,
 And burning sighs my anguish'd bosom swell,
 Since Death's relentless power
 Tore thee, in an evil hour,
 From this fond heart, where thou didst ever dwell.

How oft I turn to view
 This lock of auburn hue,
 Once wont to shade and grace thy breast of snow !
 At sight of pledge so dear
 How starts the trembling tear !
 Yet does the trembling tear some sad relief bestow.

How oft to Fancy's eyes
 Does that dread hour arise,
 That fatal hour that saw thy yielding breath!
 E'en still to Fancy flows
 Each sound of madd'ning throes,
 And agonizing pangs that spoke impending death.*

But thou these plaints to hear
 Didst bend no pitying ear,
 Stern Power! nor prayers nor sighs could aught avail:
 Dark fate stood lowering nigh,
 And every prayer and sigh
 Was borne unheeded on the idle gale.

Say did the woodland plain
 Thy lingering steps detain?
 Or rather didst thou wend thy distant way,
 Thy face to turn aside,
 The gushing tears to hide,
 Which mourn'd for her whom Death had claim'd a time-
 less prey?

.....

* The death of Isabel de Freyre was occasioned by child-birth. The Poet in the next stanza addresses Diana, who, under the name of Lucina, presided over parturition.

But thou, blest Shade, on high,
 Who in th'empyrean sky
 Dost tread the fields of endless joy and love,*
 O let thy prayers prevail,
 That from this body frail
 My spirit soon may soar to thee above!

There, in the realms of light,
 With purest ether bright,
 To sounds of bliss our raptur'd lyres shall wake ;
 While crown'd with blushing flowers,
 From never fading bowers,
 Through the third heaven our onward march we take.†

.....
 * " E co i vestigi santi
 Calchi le stelle erranti."

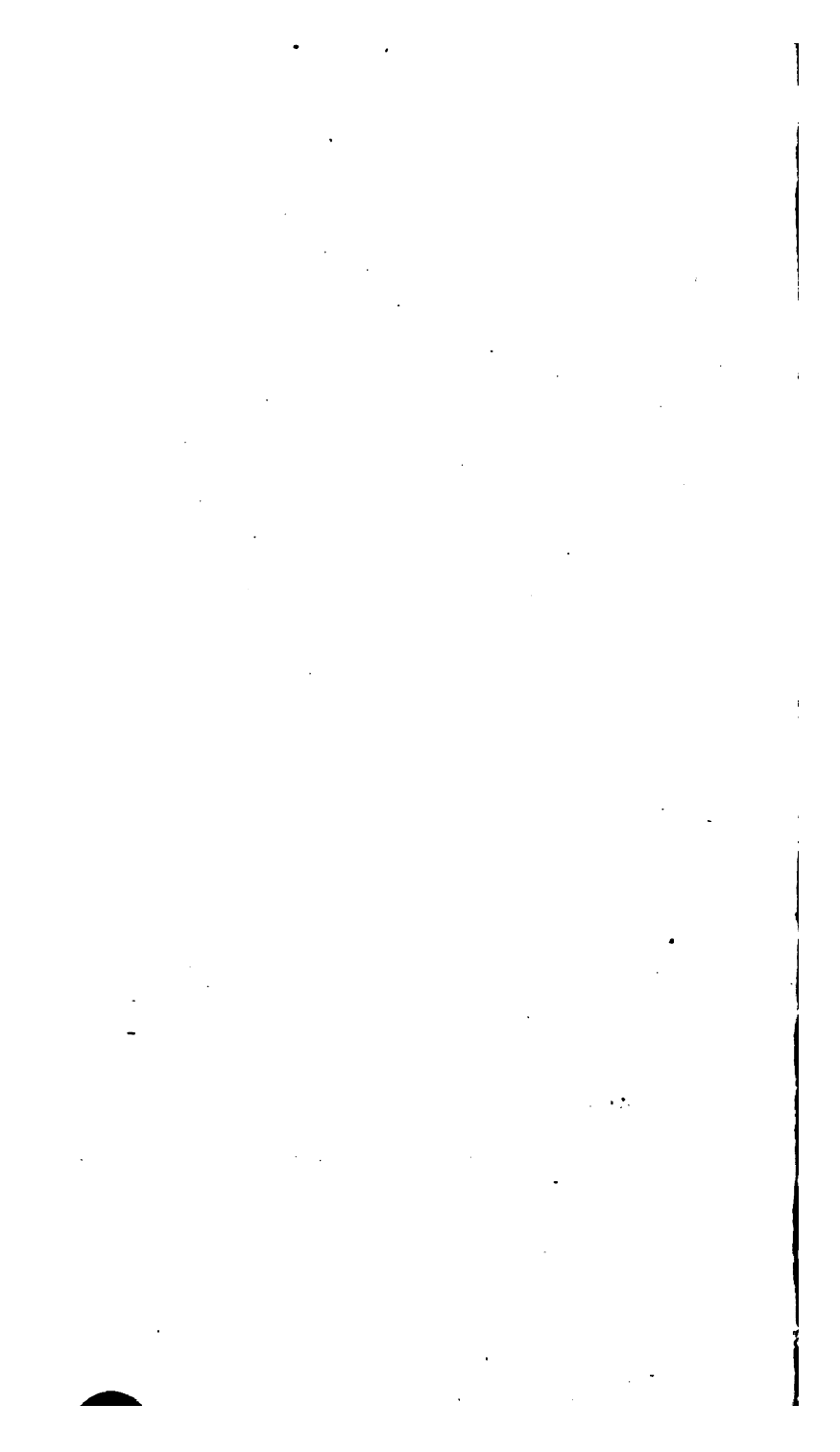
SANNAZZARO.

† " Y en la tercera rueda
 Contigo mano a mano," &c.

Since translating the above, a passage has occurred from Ariosto, where an allusion is made to this particular fiction concerning the third heaven :

" Fe l'alma casta al terzo ciel ritorno,
 E in braccio al suo Zerbin si ricondusse."

ORLANDO FURIOSO, Canto xxix, 30.



MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS.

Non fare or!

Mentre ch' Amor con diletto inganno
Nudria il mio cor nelle speranze prime,
La mente, con pietose e dolci rime,
Mostrar cercava al mondo il nostro affanno.

SANNAZZARO, Com. Lirici III. 187.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“ Io gli occhi a te rivolto,
E nel tuo vezzosetto e lieto viso
Dolcemente m' affiso.”

TASSO, *Comp. Lirici*, 1. 172.

AND dost thou ask why still so frequent flow
 These sighs for thee, for thee whom Nature blest
 With every charm? Does not the mountain snow
 With the fair lily heave upon thy breast?
 Does not the rose shed o'er thy cheeks and lips
 Its hues? and has not Ocean placed his pearls
 Within those lips? Does not thy breath inhale
 Fragrance from every herb and flower that sips
 The morning dew?—Upon the passing gale
 Wanton the tresses of thy golden curls,
 Dipt in the Sun's first rays; while from thine eyes
 The Star of Eve its chasten'd lustre throws.—
 For these thy charms I sigh;—but more I prize
 The heart that, true to Love, with Love's fond raptures
 glows.

FROM THE GERMAN.

 GESNER.

* HAIL, Morning, to thy rising beam,
 That gilds with light the mountain's brow,
 And shines and glitters in the stream
 That winds along the vale below !

Joy, and health, and glad delight
 Await thy steps, thy march pursue ;—
 The Zephyr now that slept the night
 In flowers that weep beneath the dew,

His plumes with new-born vigor tries,
 And lifts him from his balmy bed ;—
 And dreams, that round the wearied eyes
 Of mortals hover'd, now are fled.

.....

* See the Poem entitled "Morgenlied," in Gesner's Schriften,
 vol. II. p. 169. Willkommen, fruher Morgenglanz."

Haste, ye Gales, and through the air
Waft the sweets from every flower,
And wave your wings around my Fair,
Who slumbers in yon rosy bower ;

Pant o'er her lip and cheek's bright hues,
And heave upon her heaving breast,
And when ye've chas'd Sleep's balmy dews,
And gently burst the bonds of rest,

Oh whisper to her listening ear,
That ere bright Morn had deck'd the sky,
These streams beheld me shed the tear,
And heard me pour for her the sigh !

FROM THE SPANISH.

 GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

“ *Etas, et corpus tenerum et morigeratio,
Hæc sunt venena formosarum mulierum.*”

AFRANIUS.

Now the chaste lily, blended with the rose,*
 O'er thy warm cheek its softening lustre sheds ;
 And now each tress in golden ringlets flows
 Down thy fair neck, and o'er thy bosom spreads :
 Now heaves that bosom in luxuriance high ;
 Now beam the thrilling glances from thine eye.
 O heed the moment ! pluck the flower of love
 Ere it soon fade and wither in the blast !
 Mark through the glass of Time the swift sands move,
 And age o'er all its darkening Mantle cast.
 And when that eye is dimm'd, and wintry snow
 Whitens those clust'ring locks—ah ! then no more
 Will Youths to thee their sighs of passion pour.
 Nor e'er a second Spring thy faded beauty know.

.....

* “ *En tanto que de rosa y de azusena.*”

FROM THE ITALIAN.

 ARIOSTO.

STILL let them deem, who will, that Time's cold hand*
 Must break those ties which round the youthful breast
 Fond Love had twin'd in many a tender band,
 When Life first dawn'd in Hope's bright colours drest
 For me, I care not whether Age severe
 Bid o'er my brows the silvery tresses flow ;
 Still with Love's thrilling notes my lyre shall glow,
 Still hymn the lays to love and Laura dear.—
 So may each minute of Life's evening hour
 Glide on with silent foot : and when no more
 My soul can taste the joys it knew before—
 When all the vision'd day-dreams of delight,
 Which Fancy erst had wove, have wing'd their flight,
 I'll bow my willing head to Fate's almighty power.

.....
 * "Pensi, chi vuol, ch'el tempo i lacci scioglia."

“ And oft it falls (ah me, the more to rue !)
 That goodly beauty, albe' heavenly born,
 Is foul abused, and that celestial hue,
 Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
 Made but the bait of sin.”

SPENSER'S *Hymn to Beauty*.

TURN, Lady !—heed no more those sighs that flow
 To wind in soft seduction round thy breast ;
 Hush the wild throbs that bid thy bosom glow :
 Hush them !—or farewell innocence and rest.
 The spotless Maid is like the Rose that bloomst
 Untouch'd, unsullied in its native bed ;
 The pearly dews of morn, the soft perfumes
 Of western gales their balmy influence shed ;
 While with delight each youth and damsel views
 The opening flower to heaven expand its hues.
 But oh ! once cull'd, no breeze around it plays,
 No youths, no damsels gaze with wistful eyes ;
 Low droops its head, its blushing pride decays,
 Fades the bright bloom, and all its fragrance dies.

.....

† See the beautiful lines in the *Carmen Nuptiale* of Catullus,
 and in Ariosto, lib. i.

FROM THE SPANISH.

 FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA.

STILL through the day's slow lingering hour†
 With unavailing anguish flow
 These burning sighs, these endless showers,
 That speak my tortur'd bosom's woe.

And when the pearly car of Eve
 In silver radiance rides on high,
 Still does my breast with sorrow heave,
 Still starts the tear-drop in mine eye.

Or should I lay me down at night,
 To woo the balmy power of sleep;
 Thy vision swims before my sight,
 And e'en in dreams for thee I weep.

.....
 † *Passo en fiero dolor llorando el dia.*"

And when the golden morn appears,
And blushes in th' etheral plain,
It finds my eyes still bath'd in tears,
Still weeping for thy cold disdain.

FROM THE SICILIAN,

 MELI.

Ye shadowy forms !—Night's offspring!—ye that wreath
 Your darkening horrors round these forests deep,
 And in these caves your silent dwelling keep;
 O that I here amid your glooms, might breathe
 Th' expiring sigh !—and when the guilty maid
 Shall wander where my lowly tomb is laid,
 O say that here “ life's fitful fever o'er,”
 He, whom her scorn hath kill'd, now finds repose,—
 Haply across her cheek some tear may steal ;
 Yet deem not that the tear from Pity flows ;
 For Pity sure that breast can never feel :
 Her eyes will weep, because there lives no more
 One who for her with hopeless flames will burn,
 And mourn with fruitless sighs, and love without return.

.....

The Reader will not fail to observe the resemblance between
 part of the Sonnet of Meli, and of the fourteenth canzone of
 Petrarch.

FROM THE GREEK.

O WOULD that I were some soft gale
 Which fans with perfum'd wing the air,
 That from thy lips I might inhale
 Each balmy sweet that lingers there,
 And drink thy fragrant sighs !

And would that I were yon red rose,
 In vernal pride and radiance drest,
 That cull'd by thee, my lively glows
 Might grace awhile, my fair, thy breast,
 And veil its snowy charms !

.....

This and the following Translations and Imitations are from the Greek Anthologia, and have already appeared in print. Some of the originals were selected to be placed here ; but it was my wish to have inserted all of them, had I not been prevented by want of time from examining again that numerous collection.

FROM THE GREEK.

DEAR is the blush of vernal morn

To him who ploughs the watery deep,

And, o'er the darkling surges born,

Marks the storm's infuriate sweep :—

Dear is the limpid stream to him

Who journeys on his toilsome way,

And feels each slacken'd nerve and limb

Faint beneath the solar ray :—

But dearer far, when thy blest power,

Love, two souls in bliss has bound ;

Gladly flows each festive hour

With rapture new for ever crown'd.

FROM THE GREEK.

AGAIN upon the wings of night
 It stole my slumb'ring senses o'er ;
 That dream that brought my soul's delight,
 Whom oft I clasp'd in sleep before.
 Yet no soft dream, I swear, like this,
 So bath'd my soul in perfect bliss ;
 For, oh ! such lovely hues bestowing
 Fancy ne'er in colours glowing
 Drew thee, my fair, in all thy charms
 Imparadis'd in these fond arms :—
 “ Stay thy fiery steeds, oh stay,”
 I cried, “ thou envious God of day !”
 Vain the prayer : and with the night
 Fled each vision of delight.
 Yet oft I thank thee, God of love,
 That e'en in dreams such bliss I prove ;
 That thus I feel my gladden'd soul
 Burn with desire that mocks controul,
 Whene'er in sleep my fancy warm
 Pictures, my fair, thy radiant form,
 And glowing through each thrilling vein
 Fires my love-bewilder'd brain.

FROM THE SPANISH.

 LOPE DE VEGA.

STILL must I feel my soul distrest,
 Still rack'd with jealous fear ;—
 Though sleep death's image be confest,
 Yet dreams, I'm sure, have oft express
 The things that on life's stage appear.

I thought I saw thee yield thy charms,
 When last I sunk to rest,
 To some blest rival's happier arms,
 And saw thee glow with love's alarms,
 While maddening passion fir'd my breast.

Too like, alas ! to dreams I find
 The joy and bliss I know ;
 Yet dreams themselves ne'er leave behind
 Or joy or bliss to cheer my mind,
 Or bid my heart its griefs orego.

.....

Imitated from the first part of the verses in the *Arcadia* of Lope de Vega, which begin " O burlas de Amor ingrato."

FROM THE GREEK.

ONCE I know, in maddening hour
I own'd your beauty's magic power,
And prais'd those eyes of liquid blue,
Those lips which sham'd the morning's hue,
The golden locks whose wavy flow
Shaded those rising hills of snow.
You each ardent wish repress'd ;
 You continued still reprov'g :
 Still I wooed and still was loving,
Still to you the sigh address'd.

Now, alas ! what changes rise !
Mark, each grace, each beauty flies,
Time, your cruel foe, at last
Grants me vengeance for the past ;
Youth no more that eye illumines ;
Age has brought its joyless glooms.
Cease ! those lures to spread forbear !
Vain that studied dress and care.
Others tempt ; I'm not of those
Who seek the thorn, and leave the rose

FROM THE GREEK.

11A
 Yes, still for thee my heart will beat,
 Still throb with love's alarms :
 Still glows my passion's earliest heat
 For thee and all thy charms.

What though some years have now flown by
 Since first I sigh'd for thee,
 I still for thee will heave the sigh,
 And swear none loves like me.

Years have not dared that eye to dim
 Which beams its wonted fires ;
 Each shape, each feature, and each limb
 Its wonted grace respire.

The roses on thy lips are still,
 And still with nectar-dew
 Thy kisses fraught my bosom thrill,
 And each fond wish renew.

If now, thy life's meridian gone,
~~and shall~~
Such beauty still be thine,

O guess, when its first morning shone

What joy and love were mine !

FROM THE GREEK.

Before I

O BID those golden tresses flow
 Unbraided down thy neck of snow,
 Nor dare to mar the lovely glow
 Thy vermeil cheeks adorning.

What need of art ? Those eyes of blue,
 Those lips like roses bath'd in dew,
 And all the host of charms I view,
 Small aid from Art require.

And mark the flowers in yonder vale,
 That fling their fragrance to the gale,
 And each perfume and scent exhale,
 Wooing the gentle Zephyr,—

How lovelier far those hues so bright
 That deck thy form in beauty's light,
 That form which haunts from dawn to night
 My mind in Fancy's visions !

Thy girdle, Queen of soft desire,
 Say—could it wake such pleasing fire ;
 Such joy, such hope, and love inspire,
 As thrill this beating bosom ?

Ah no !—thy power were nought to this :
 That lip which prompts the glowing kiss,
 That voice which whispers future bliss,
 Outvie thy girdle's magic.

For these, my blood runs mantling high,
 And quic'kning spirits glad mine eye ;
 For these oft bursts th' unbidden sigh,
 Oft glows the thought enamour'd.

Yet no despondent murmurs rise,
 While hope in those love-beaming eyes,
 Couch'd in soft slumber, smiling lies,
 ✓ Each anxious moment cheering.

FROM THE GREEK.

O SAY, what mean those frequent sighs ?
 Why heaves, my fair, thy sorrowing breast ?
 Why on each lovely feature rest
 Dark clouds of grief, and dim those eyes
 With showers of sorrow streaming ?

O tell me all !—To soothe thy mind,
 Friendship its aid shall soon impart,
 Bid joy again illumine thy heart,
 With balmy hands thy wounds shall bind,
 Each dimpled smile recalling.

Say, do I ken aright ?—The youth
 Who oft, caressing and caress'd,
 Upon thy lips the kiss impress'd,
 And swore the vows of love and truth,
 The sigh impassion'd heaving.

Say, hast thou seen his circling arms,
While rapture bade his bosom glow,
And joy's high current maddening flow,
Clasp to his heart some fair one's charms,
Thy long-lov'd form unheeding?

No answer?—Yet too well I guess
Thy grief; and well thy eyes reveal
And tell, what thou wouldst fain conceal,
What jealous pangs thy heart oppress,
Each tortur'd sense inflaming.

FROM THE GREEK.

STILL I mark those scornful eyes ;
Each fond wish you will reprove ;
Yet that throbbing breast, those sighs,
Tears and looks too well reveal
 What you feel,
Though you still deny you love.

Hear, O God of young desires !
Your dread shafts oh bid her prove !
Bid her glow with all your fires,
Till her lips this truth reveal—
 “ Now I feel,
Now I know what 'tis to love !”

FROM THE GREEK.

ON A PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

Yes, sure 'twas Nature's self who drew
 That mien, those features which I view,
 Who thus pourtrayed the Lesbian's form !
 I mark her eyes, that seem to rove
 Full-fraught with fancy and with love,
 And sparkling glow, with passion warm :—

I mark around her shape and air
 What graces play and hover there :—
 How well the pencil's power has traced
 The genius of the heaven-born Muse,
 And all the charms and roseate hues
 That e'er the Queen of beauty graced !

"Mutat via longa puellas."

PROPERTIUS.

Yes, while I linger far away,
Remembrance oft shall soothe my mind,
And paint with glowing hues the day
When first I saw thee fair and kind.

How oft I'll think upon that hour,
When first thy looks and eyes confest
Each secret wish, and own'd Love's power
Had fann'd the flame within thy breast !

Yet, once before we part, once more
From thy ripe lips one kiss bestow,
And bid me feel, as oft before,
My heart with kindling rapture glow.

And O forgive the jealous fear,
While far away from thee I rove,
And anxious pour the bitter tear,
And think on all our former love ;

Let no fond youth with siren strain
Entice and lure thy heart from me ;
And nought, I swear, shall break the chain
Which binds my willing soul to thee !

Then give again that kiss, my fair,
Affection's surest tenderest seal,
And I will chase each rising care,
And hush each jealous doubt I feel.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

MARINO.

As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
And anxious sought where he had stray'd,
"One kiss," you cried, "I'll give with joy
To him who knows where Cupid's laid."

Give me the kiss ;—for see he lies
In the dark heaven of Rosa's eyes ;
Or bid my Rosa's lips bestow
The kiss, and yours I will forego.

THE ZEPHYR.

FRAUGHT with the nectar'd sweets of early spring,
Mark where the Zephyr speeds his destin'd way,
And seeks, upborne aloft on balmy wing,
Each flower that glitters in the morning's ray.
Onward he hastes and views, with glad delight,
Where, gemm'd with dew, the blushing roses bloom ;
There lingering, checks awhile his eager flight,
And sighing he inhales the soft perfume.
Still as he flies, the fragrance which he sips
He breathes around, and scatters through the air ;
Till fix'd at length, he rests on Julia's lips,
And, mingling with each tender accent there,
Sighs with the sigh which from her bosom flows,
And scents with balmy dew the kisses she bestows.

FROM THE LATIN.

 GALLUS.

LYDIA, thou lovely maid, whose white
 The milk and lily does outvie,
 The pale and blushing rose's light,
 Or polish'd Indian ivory ;

Dishevel, sweet, thy yellow hair,
 Whose ray does burnish'd gold disprize ;
 Expose thy neck so brightly fair,
 That doth from snowy shouldiers rise.

Virgin unveil those starry eyes,
 Whose sable brows like arches spread :
 Unveil those cheeks, where the rose lies
 Streak'd with the Tyrian purple's red.

.....

From a collection of poems by Charles Cotton, printed in
 1689.

Lend me those lips with coral lin'd,
 And kisses mild of doves impart :
 Thou ravishest away my mind ;
 Those gentle kisses steal my heart.

Why suck'st thou from my panting breast
 The youthful vigour of my blood ?—
 Hide those twin-apples, ripe, if prest,
 To spring into a milky flood.

From thy expanded bosom breathe
 Perfumes Arabia doth not know ;
 Thy every part doth love bequeath ;
 From thee all excellencies flow.

Thy bosom's killing white then shade ;
 Hide that temptation from mine eye :
 Thou seest I languish, cruel maid ;
 Wilt thou then go, and let me die ?

FROM THE SPANISH.

 LUIS DE LEON.

RODRIGO, from the world apart,
 Retir'd where Tagus flows,
 Clasp'd the fair Caba closely to his heart,
 When lo! the Spirit of the Stream arose,
 And pour'd the prophet song of Spain's impending woes.

In evil hour, tyrannic king,
 Thou dalliest here! he cried;
 Even now I hear the shouts of battle ring!
 Vengeance even now stalks on with frantic stride,
 And from his giant arm he scatters ruin wide.

Ah me! what anguish! what dismay!
 Rise tyrant from thy lust!
 And cursed Caba be thy natal day,
 Whose violated charms provoke the All-just
 To tread the Gothic powers and Gothic crown in dust.

.....

See Southey's Travels in Spain and Portugal, p. 235.

Ah me ! thou claspest in thine arms

Dread danger and disgrace :

What shrieks, what ills, what horrors, what alarms,

Proud King ! thou foldest in thy hot embrace,

War, Desolation, Death, the ruin of thy race.

Woe to the sons of Leon ! woe

To fair Castilia's plain !

And where the pleasant waves of Ebro flow,

The conquering infidel shall fix his reign,

And Lusitania yields. Woe, woe to wretched Spain !

The vengeful Count, in evil hour,

The impious aid shall call :

Swift o'er the ocean swarms the swarthy power,

Vain the strong bulwark, vain the massy wall,

The bulwark soon shall shake, the fortress soon shall fall.

Hark ! hark ! even now on Afric's coast

I hear the trumpet's blair !

From every quarter rush the robber host,

They rush the battle and the prey to share,

And high their banners wave, and bright their crescents
glare.

The Arab, eager for the fight,
 Leaves his waste sands behind ;
 Swift is his steed, and swift his arrow's flight ;
 The burning thirst of battle fires his mind,
 He lifts his quivering lance ; he wounds the passing wind.

Their warrior myriads hide the ground,
 And now they spread the sail :
 Hark to the multitude's impatient sound !
 And now their louder shouts mine ear assail,
 For now they mount the bark, and catch the favouring
 gale.

On moves the death-denouncing load,
 The dark deep foams below ;
 And swift they sweep along the wat'ry road,
 And with strong arm the sinewy captives row,
 And fairly blows the wind, ah me ! the wind of woe !

Still onward moves the hostile host ;
 Still blows the breeze aright ;
 Now rises on their view the distant coast :
 The mountain rocks now brighten to the sight,
 And nearer now they view Calpe's majestic height

Still wilt thou clasp her in thine arms ?

Rise, rise, Rodrigo rise !

The affrighted shore now echoes with alarms,

They reach the port, hark to their eager cries !

Triumphant there aloft the impious banner flies.

They pass the mountain's craggy bound,

They rush upon the plain ;

Far o'er the realm their swift steeds scour around.

Rise, rise Rodrigo, yet thy right retain,

Rodrigo, rise ! revenge thy desolated Spain !

Ah me ! ah me ! what toils, what woes,

What ills are still in store !

Wide o'er the country sweep the furious foes,

Vain the strong horse, and vain the warrior's power,

For horse and warrior fall beneath the victor Moor.

Woe Tyrant, to Iberia woe !

Her best blood gluts the plain !

Then, Betis, black with blood thy waves shall flow,

And clogg'd with many a Moor and Christian slain,

Thy tainted tide shall roll pollution to the main.

And now at Death's triumphant feast,
The bowl of blood shall flow !
Five fights shall rage ere yet the war has ceas'd,
Then, then, Rodrigo, shall thy head lie low,
Woe Tyrant ! woe to thee ! to poor Iberia woe !

FROM THE GREEK.

No : I swear that I never have yet been inclin'd
 To sigh for, adore, or to love one alone ;
 I have spurn'd at the chains that would fetter my mind
 And have equally lov'd every fair that I've known.

To-day I have sigh'd for the maiden whose breast
 Has just learnt to throb with love's pleasing pain ;
 On the morrow some grave sober prude I've caress'd,
 Whose charms were already avanc'd in the wane.

Sometimes I have woo'd one with eyes of soft blue,
 And whose tresses of gold o'er her neck lightly
 flow'd ;

Sometimes, one whose locks were of black raven hue,
 And whose dark shaded eyes with bright lustre have
 glow'd.

How oft I've sought these who have borrow'd from art
 The charms with which nature so many has blest !
 But oft'ner to those have I offer'd my heart
 Who can please when in Nature's simplicity drest.

Both the high and the low, and the brown and the fair,
I have sigh'd for and courted with equal desire ;
Unfetter'd I've roam'd, and as free as the air,
And have had all that wishes and heart can require.

FROM THE LATIN.

 OVID.

AH me ! why am I so uneasy grown ?
 Ah why so restless on my bed of down ?
 Why do I wish to sleep, but wish in vain ?
 Why am I all the tedious night in pain ?
 What cause is this that ease, that rest denies ?
 And why my words break forth in gentle sighs ?
 Sure I should know if love had fixt his dart ;
 Or creeps he softly in with treach'rous art,
 And then grows tyrant there and wounds the heart.
 'Tis so : the shaft sticks deep and galls my breast ;
 'Tis tyrant Love that robs my thoughts of rest.
 Well, shall I tamely yield, or must I fight ?
 I'll yield :—'tis patience makes a burthen light ;
 A shaken torch grows fierce, and sparks arise ;
 But if unmov'd, the fire looks pale and dies.
 The hard-mouth'd horse smarts for his fierce disdain ;
 The gentle's ridden with a smoother rein.

.....

From a collection of Miscellaneous Poems, by Creech, printed in

1684.

Love smooths the gentle, but the fierce reclaims ;
 He fires their breasts, and fills their souls with flames.

I yield, great Love ; my former crimes forgive,
 Forget my rebel thoughts, and let me live ;
 No need of force ; I willingly obey ;
 And now unarm'd shall prove no glorious prey.
 Go take thy mother's doves, thy myrtle crown,
 And for thy chariot Mars shall lend his own :
 There thou shalt sit in thy triumphant pride ;
 And whilst glad shouts resound on every side,
 Thy gentle hands thy mother's doves shall guide.
 And there, to make thy glorious pomp and state,
 A train of sighing youths and maids shall wait,
 Yet none complain of an unhappy fate.
 There, newly conquer'd, I, still fresh my wound,
 Will march along, my hands with myrtle bound ;
 There Modesty with veil thrown o'er her face,
 Now doubly blushing at her own disgrace ;
 There sober thoughts, and whatsoe'er disdains
 Love's rule, shall feel his pow'r and bear his chains ;
 There all shall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice ;
 " Io triumphe," be the public voice.
 Thy constant guards, soft Fancy, Hope, and Fear,
 Anger and soft caresses shall be there.

By these strong guards are men and Gods o'erthrown
These conquer for thee, Love, and these alone.
Thy mother from the sky thy pomp shall grace,
And scatter sweetest roses in thy face.

FROM THE LATIN.

HORATIUS.

CONQUER'D with soft and pleasing charms,
 And never-failing vows of her return,
 Winter unlocks his frosty arms
 To free the joyful spring ;
 Which for fresh loves with youthful heat does burn ;
 Warm south-winds court her, and with fruitful show'rs
 Awake the drowsy flow'rs,
 Who haste and all their sweetness bring
 To pay their yearly offering.

No nipping white is seen ;
 But all the fields are clad in present green,
 And only fragrant dews new fall ;
 The ox forsakes his once warm stall
 To bask in the sun's much warmer beams ;
 The plowman leaves his fire and his sleep,
 Well pleas'd to whistle to his lab'ring teams ;
 Whilst the glad shepherd pipes to's frisking sheep.

Nay, tempted by the smiling sky,
 Wreck't merchants quit the shore,
 Resolving once again to try
 The wind and sea's almighty pow'r.

Since all the world's thus gay and free,
 Why should not we?
 Let's then accept our mother Nature's treat,
 And please ourselves with all that's sweet ;
 Let's to the shady bow'rs,
 Where crown'd with gaudy flow'rs
 We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours :
 For, trust me, Thyrsis, the grim conqueror Death
 With the same freedom snatches a king's breath,
 He huddles the poor fetter'd slave
 To's unknown grave.
 Though we each day with cost repair,
 He mocks our greatest skill and utmost care ;
 Nor loves the fair, nor fears the strong ;
 And he that lives but longest dies but young :
 And once depriv'd of light
 We're wrapt in mists of endless night.

Once come to those dark cells of which we're told -
 So many strange romantic tales of old,
 (In things unknown invention's justly bold ;)

No more shall mirth and wine
Our loves and wits refine.
No more shall you your Phillis have,
Phillis so long you've priz'd ;
Nay, she too in the grave
Shall lie like us despis'd.

FROM THE LATIN.

 OVID.

For me, then, who have truly spent my blood,
 Love, in thy service, and so boldly stood
 In Celia's trenches, wer't not wisely done
 E'en to retire and live in peace at home ?
 No. Might I gain a godhead, to disclaim
 My glorious title to my endless flame,
 Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
 Such sweet dear tempting devils women are !
 Whene'er those flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce black storm pour down upon my mind ;
 Headlong I'm hurl'd, like horsemen who in vain
 Their fury-flaming coursers would restrain,
 As ships just when the harbour they attain
 Are snatch'd by sudden blasts to sea again ;
 So love's fantastic storms reduce my heart
 Half rescued ; and the God resumes his dart.
 Strike here, this undefended bosom wound,
 And for so brave a conquest be renown'd.

.....
 By the Earl of Rochester.

Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
 You'll scarce discern the quiver from my heart.
 What wretch can bear a live-long night's dull rest,
 Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest ?
 Fool, is not sleep the image of pale death ?
 There's time for rest when fate has stopp'd your breath.
 Me may my soft deluding dear deceive !
 I'm happy in my hopes while I believe ;
 Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
 Often may I enjoy, oft be denied !
 With doubtful steps the God of war does move,
 By thy example in ambiguous love.
 Blown to and fro, like down from thy own wing,
 Who knows when joy or anguish thou wilt bring ?
 Yet, at thy mother's and thy slave's request,
 Fix an eternal empire in my breast ;
 And let th' inconstant charming sex,
 Whose wilful scorn does lovers vex,
 Submit their hearts before thy throne ;
 The vassal world is then thy own.

FROM THE LATIN.

 OVID.



VEX not thyself and her, vain man, since all
 By their own vice or virtue stand or fall.
 She's truly chaste, and worthy of that name,
 Who hates the ill as well as fears the shame ;
 And that vile woman whom restraint keeps in,
 Though she forbear the act, has done the sin.
 Spies, locks, and bolts, may keep her brutal part,
 But thou 'rt an odious cuckold in her heart.
 They that have freedom, use it least ; and so
 The power of ill does the design o'erthrow.
 Provoke not vice by a too harsh restraint ;
 Sick men long most to drink, who know they mayn't.
 The fiery courser, whom no art can stay,
 Or rugged force, does oft fair means obey :
 And he that did the rudest arm disdain
 Submits with quiet to the looser rein.
 An hundred eyes had Argus ; yet the while
 One silly maid did all those eyes beguile.

.....

By Sir Charles Sedley.

Danae, though shut within a brazen tower,
Felt the male virtue of the golden shower.
But chaste Penelope, left to her own will
And free disposal, never thought of ill ;
She to her absent lord preserv'd her truth,
For all th' addresses of the smoother youth.
What's rarely seen our fancy magnifies ;
Permitted pleasure who does not despise ?

FROM THE LATIN.

MARTIAL.

LIBER, of all thy friends thou sweetest care,
Thou worthy in eternal flow'r to fare,
If thou be'st wise, with Tyrian oyle let shine
Thy locks, and rosie garlands crown thy head;
Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian wine,
And heat with softest love thy softer bed.
He that but living half his days dies such,
Makes his life longer than 'twas given him much.

.....

This is one of the few translations from the Latin Classics which Ben Jonson has left behind him.

FROM THE LATIN.

 OVID.

AND to inform posterity who's there,
 This sad inscription let my marble wear :
 Here lies the soft-soul'd lecturer of love,
 Whose envied wit did his own ruin prove.
 But thou, whoe'er thou be'st, that passing by
 Lend'st to this sudden stone an hasty eye,
 If e'er thou knew'st of love the sweet disease,
 Grudge not to say, May Ovid rest in peace !
 This for my tomb ; but in my books they'll see
 More strong and lasting monuments of me,
 Which I believe (though fatal) will afford
 An endless name unto their ruin'd lord.

And now thus gone, it rests for love of me
 Thou shew'st some sorrow to my memory ;
 Thy funeral offerings to my ashes bear,
 With wreaths of cypress bath'd in many a tear ;
 Though nothing there but dust of me remain,
 Yet shall that dust perceive thy pious pain.

.....

By Vaughan in 1651.

But I have done : and my tir'd, sickly head,
Though I would fain write more, desires the bed.
Take then this word, (perhaps my last to tell,)
Which though I want, I wish it thee, Farewel !

FROM THE LATIN.

AWLUS SABINUS.

BUT what avails ? the sea has all engrost !
 My ships, my arms, and my companions lost !
 Though all things else fate's cruelties remove,
 They have no power to shake my constant love.
 That still endures, and triumphs over all ;
 Nor can by Scylla or Charybdis fall.
 To alter that the charming Syrens fail ;
 Nor can the fell Antiphates prevail.
 Not touch'd by Circe's arts, from her I fled ;
 Nay shunn'd the proffer of a Goddess' bed.
 Each promis'd, so she might become my wife,
 To give me deathless joys and endless life.
 Both I reject ; and, having thee in view,
 My dangerous travels chearfully renew.
 Let not these female names beget new fears,
 Alarm thy breast, nor drown thine eyes in tears ;
 What Circe, what Calypso could effect ;
 Secure of me, all chilling doubts neglect.

.....

The above extract is taken from the epistle of Ulysses to
 Penelope.

That you my open soul may naked view,
I will confess that I have fear'd for you.
When I was told how numerous a resort
Of eager rivals crowded in your court,
All pale I grew ; life left my outward part,
Scarce the retiring blood preserved my heart.
Besieg'd by pressing youthful lovers round,
Their bowls with wine, their heads with roses crown'd ;
My growing doubts to wild disorders haste ;
Ah, can I think she still is mine and chaste !
If me she wept, her charms would not be such ;
Could she thus conquer if she sorrow'd much ?
Yet quickly love returns, when I perceive
How well your chaste, your pious arts deceive
Your hasty suitors, and procure delay,
By night undoing what you weave byday.

END OF VOLUME I.

THE
GARLAND
OF
FLOWERS;
COMPOSED OF
CUPID AND PSYCHE,
FROM THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS.

ANONYMOUS.

AND
OF ODES,
CHIEFLY
FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

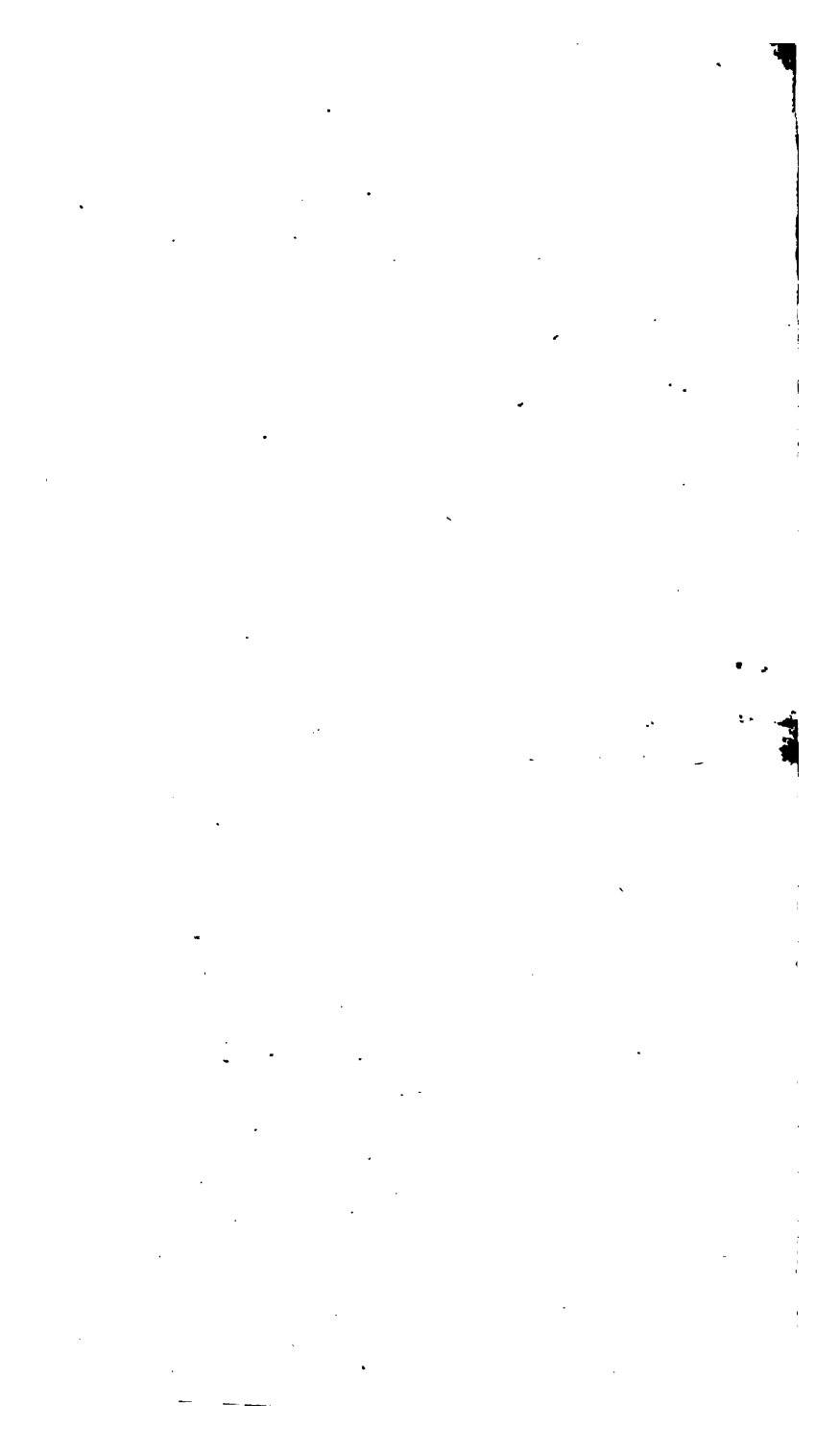
BY T. J. MATHIAS, ESQ.

VOL. II.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND ENGLISH EDITION.

A FEMALE relation of the author's having seen a manuscript version of the story of *Cupid and Psyche*, from the *Golden Ass of Apuleius*, mentioned it to him as a subject peculiarly susceptible of poetical embellishment, and recommended him to attempt it. He at one time thought of giving an analysis of the fable, but, finding that each commentator explained almost every subordinate circumstance in a different manner, he resolved to decline the task. It may, however, be proper to remark, that in the main point they all agree; and when we consider that *Apuleius* was a Platonist and a Mystic, and that he is perpetually recurring to the rites and cabbala of the many religious fraternities into which he had been initiated we can scarcely doubt that, by the adventures and marriage of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, he meant to typify, after various trials and probations, the final union of the soul of man to Divine Love in a state of immortality: although it must at the same time be confessed that he throws no small obscurity over his allegory, by substituting the person and attributes of Cupid the son of Venus, for those of the elder Cupid, born of the egg of Night, and coeval with Chaos.

The story runs through the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the Romance of the *Golden Ass*, and is told by an old woman to a captive lady in a cave of robbers.

THIS charming Poem, of which two editions appeared within a short time in London, is, from its quarto size and its consequent high price, almost unknown to the lovers of Poetry in this country. The author has not given the Public the satisfaction of knowing the name of so sweet a bard—true merit is too often solicitous of obscurity. We derive no little pleasure from the expectation that by comprising this elegant production in a reduced and less expensive form we may be enabled to make it known as generally as it merits.....AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

I.

O STAY those tears ! the beldam cries,
Ill dreams good fortunes oft forerun,
Like clouds which skirt the morning skies,
But melt before the noon-day sun.

Chase from thy soul this idle grief,
And let my words thine ear engage ;
Thy fears perchance may find relief,
E'en from the garrulous tales of age.

II.

Once stately reign'd a king and queen,
As bards of other times have told,
The happiest that were ever seen
To flourish in the days of old.

Three daughters bless'd their nuptial bed ;
 Two daughters exquisitely fair,
 Who many a fond youth captive led,
 Made many a hapless youth despair.

The youngest—but no tongue so warm,
 Though matchless eloquence be given,
 May dare pourtray her finish'd form,
 The ' prodigality of heaven !'

Say, to delight the wondering earth,
 Does she amongst us mortals roam,
 Who from the blue deep took her birth,
 Her nurture from the sparkling foam ?

O'er her warm cheek's vermilion dye,
 Waves, lightly waves, her dark-brown hair ;
 Bright as the winter star her eye,
 Yet peaceful as the summer air.

No one to Paphos takes his way,
 Gnidos, Cythera, charm no more ;
 No throngs, with votive chaplets gay,
 The *immortal* VENUS now adore.

Her temples all in ruin lie,
 Her altars cold, to dust resign'd,
 Her withering garlands flap, and fly,
 And rustle in the hollow wind.

Whilst on the mortal maid they shower
 The incense they to *her* should bring,
 And offer to this fairer flower
 The fairest flow'rets of the spring.

From isles afar, from distant lands,
 Unnumber'd votaries press around,
 And view entranc'd, with folded hands,
 Celestial footsteps print the ground.

To her young girls their wishes breathe,
 Commend the fond youth to her care ;
 Bind round her brows the rosy wreath,
 And sigh to her the ardent prayer.

III.

Parent of nature, nurse of joy,
 From whom the elements arise ;
 Thou to whom Ida's shepherd boy
 Rightly adjudg'd the golden prize,

O VENUS ! will thy better part,
 Immortal love, incline to spare ;
 Or female envy taint thy heart,
 And plant the Fiend of Vengeance there ?

VENUS has called her winged child,
 And with malignant pleasure laugh'd,
 That boy who lawless, wicked, wild,
 At random aims the flaming shaft ;

Him, who all deeds of darkness owns,
 Who breaks so oft the nuptial tie,
 And, whilst his luckless victim groans
 On careless pinions flutters by.—

The dangerous Power, to **PSYCHE'S** bower
 She with vindictive fury led,
 And bade him thus his vengeance shower
 On the detested virgin's head :—

“ By a mother's sacred name,
 “ By thine arrows tipp'd with flame,
 “ By the joys which often borrow
 “ Of Despair most bitter sorrow,
 “ Make thy parent's rival know
 “ Unimaginable woe !
 “ May her youth's unequal'd bloom
 “ Unrequited love consume,

" For some wretch of abject birth,
 " Wandering outcast of the earth ;
 " Be for him her fond heart torn,
 " May e'en he her torments scorn,
 " That all womankind may see
 " What it is to injure me.
 " Make thy parent's rival know,
 " Unimaginable woe !"

Then kiss'd her son, and fleet as wind
 She seeks old Ocean's dark-green caves—
 Her ivory feet with roses twin'd
 Brush lightly o'er the trembling waves.

IV.

Young PSYCHE still more beauteous grows,
 She seems unconscious of her charms ;
 Yet no one plucks this opening rose,
 She takes no suitor to her arms.

Each sister shines a regal bride,
 In sweet connubial union blest ;
 Each moves conspicuous in the pride
 Of scepter'd state and ermin'd vest.

But *PSYCHE* owns no lawful lord,
 She walks a goddess from above ;
 All saw, all prais'd and all ador'd,
 But no one ever dar'd to love.

Yet half-form'd wishes still will ply
 With feverish dreams the unpractis'd mind,
 When ' the clos'd eye unknowing why,'
 Its wonted slumbers fails to find.

Though the blank heart no passion owns,
 Some soft ideas will intrude,
 And the sick girl in silence moans
 Her dull unvaried solitude !

V.

Her father sees his darling's grief,
 Suspects the jealous wrath of heaven,
 Hopes from the Oracle relief,
 And asks the fate the Gods had given.

“ On the mountain summit laid
 “ In her grave-clothes be the maid.
 “ Never shall thine eyes behold
 “ Son-in-law of mortal mould ;
 “ But a monster girt with wings,
 “ Fiercest of created things,
 “ Scattering flames his hours employing,
 “ Heaven alike and earth annoying :
 “ Him the dread decrees of fate
 “ Destine for thy daughter's mate.”

Graceful his silver tresses flow—
 He does not rend his hoary hair,
 He utters not the shriek of woe,
 Nor vents the curses of despair.

He does not wring his aged hands,
 No tear drop fills his frozen eye ;
 But as a statue fix'd he stands
 In speechless, senseless agony !

VI.

'Tis hard to force its better part
 From the distracted soul away ;
 But heaven decrees—man's bursting heart
 In vain repines—he must obey !

Now rose the unauspicious morn,
 Mantling in clouds the lowering skies,
 When from her parents must be torn
 The victim of the Destinies.

Loud wailings fill the troubled air,
 Cold tremors every heart assail,
 And the low murmurs of despair
 Ride sullen on the hollow gale.

Onward the sad procession goes :

Do wedding guests then creep so slow ?
 Say, is it from the bridemaids flows
 The long and sable stole of woe ?

And who are they, who, rob'd in white,
 Their black funereal torches wave,
 Which shed around such pale blue light
 As issues from the dead man's grave ?

They are the bridal train—yet mark,
 They carol loud with tuneful breath :
 'Tis not the song of marriage—hark !
 They slowly chant the dirge of Death.

The mountain's utmost height they gain,
 They pour the agonizing prayer ;
 For soon the melancholy train
 Must leave the sad devoted fair.

Yet **PSYCHE** chides the tears that fall,
 E'en in her shroud-o'er masters fear,
 Wraps-round her beauteous limbs the pall,
 And dauntless mounts the bridal bier.

VII.

O **SLEEP** ! sweet friend of humankind,
 Whose magic chains all joy to wear,
 Who, soother of the afflicted mind,
 Strew'st roses on the bed of care ;

'Twas thou, o'er **PSYCHE**'s fluttering soul,
 Benignly shedd'st thine opiate charms ;
 Spell-bound she own'd thy mild controul,
 Soft cradled in thy downy arms :

Till wafted on young **ZEPHYR**'s wings
 To a fair vale's sequester'd bowers ;
 Who the unconscious maiden brings,
 And lays her on a couch of flowers.

VIII.

She wakes—and to her glad survey
Rise round her, high o'er-arching trees,
Whose branches gemm'd with blossoms gay,
Throw perfumes to the lingering breeze.

And, shaded from the noon-tide beam,
There slowly, slowly curling roll'd
Its silvery waves a lucent stream
O'er sands of granulated gold.

And in the centre of the wood,
Not such as kings inhabit here,
A vast and tower-flank'd palace stood,
Nor such as mortal hands could rear.

Of ivory was the fretted roof,
On golden columns proudly rais'd,
And silver carvings massy proof
The walls of ebony emblaz'd.

Round lustres wreaths of diamonds fix'd,
 Their prismatic rays profusely pour,
 And amethysts with emeralds mix'd
 Inlay the tessellated floor.

While thus the startled stranger greet,
 Within no earthly form confin'd,
 Voices, as distant music sweet,
 That floats upon the evening wind :

“ Lull to rest this causeless fear ;
 “ PSYCHE ! thou art mistress here.
 “ Happy beyond human measure,
 “ Stake thy thirsting soul in pleasure ;
 “ Slaves to thy majestic lover,
 “ Air-form'd sprites around thee hover,
 “ Ever for thy bidding stay,
 “ Instant thy commands obey.”

And ere the lingering word is said,
 Quick as the lightning glance of thought,
 With sumptuous fare the banquet's spread,
 By her aerial servants brought.

And flute, and harp, and voice to fill
 The choral harmony unite,
 And make each raptur'd nerve to thrill,
 And vibrate with intense delight.

Swiftly the happy hours are fled ;
 For night invites her to repose,
 And on the silk-embroider'd bed
 Her wearied frame the virgin throws.

Now darkness o'er the silent sphere
 Her raven-tinctur'd reign assumes—
 She stops her breath, she chills to hear
 The rustling sound of waving plumes.

All hush'd around—no friend beside—
 Her heart beats high with new alarms !
 The dreaded husband claims his bride,
 And folds her in his eager arms !

Yet while thick shades are o'er them spread,
 (How hard that lovely couch to scorn !)
 Soft-gliding from the nuptial bed,
 He flies before the golden morn.

While viewless harps incessant ring
 To greet her on her bridal day,
 And viewless minstrels gaily sing
 The Hymeneal roundelay.

And aye when Eve in grateful hour
 Sheds odours from her dewy wings,
 The UNKNOWN seeks his mystic bower,
 And to the expectant fair-one springs :

In frantic passion's giddy whirl
 Past, quickly past, his transient stay,
 He still eludes the curious girl,
 And steals unseen, unfelt, away ;

Ere from the bosom of the Night
 Young twilight scents the matin air,
 And in her gray vest rises light,
 Spangled with gems her musky hair.

IX.

Though circling e'er, the laughing hours
 In still-increasing raptures roll'd,
 Oft gleams the path besprent with flowers
 With tints too clear, too bright to hold !.

Thus speaks the INVISIBLE, and sighs,
 And clasps her in his warm embrace,
 While the large tear-drops from his eyes
 Fall frequent on her burning face :

" Life of my beating heart ! o'er thee
 " Impending danger scowls : beware !
 " With anxious soul I shuddering see
 " The cruel fates their lures prepare.

" Soon shall thy sisters seek thee near,
 " With loud lament and piercing wail,
 " And thou each well known voice shalt hear,
 " Borne fitful on the moaning gale.

" Then, though thy very soul will yearn
 " To bid thy messengers convey
 " The wish'd-for visitants ; O turn !
 " Turn from their plaints thine ear away.

" If nature's feelings conquer still,
 " And thou must wayward tempt thy fate,
 " Thou know'st, obedient to thy will,
 " What mystic menials round thee wait.

" Yet, as thou'dst shun eternal bale,
 " Or never-ceasing misery dread,
 " Our dark mysterious union veil
 " In the deep silence of the dead.

" For these the truths the Fates unfold :
 " We in these bowers may ever dwell,
 " If mortal eye shall ne'er behold
 " This form, nor tongue my secrets tell.

" While from our glad embrace will rise,
 " Pure from all taint of earthly leaven,
 " An infant inmate of the skies,
 " The fairest of the host of heaven.

" Then spare thyself, thy husband spare,
 " And spare thy child, as yet unborn ;
 " Dash not the dark clouds of despair
 " Upon the ruddy hues of morn."

X.

Gaily we launch our little bark,
 The sun-beams on the waters play,
 While close behind the ravenous shark
 Expecting waits his destin'd prey.

We sail along the whirlpool's brink,
 Unheeding join the song of glee,
 But ah ! too late aghast we shrink,
 When whelm'd beneath the treacherous sea.

PSYCHE has heard the warning strain—
 Resistless wishes restless spring,
 She slights the strain, and bids her train
 Of swift-wing'd sprites her sisters bring.

Her childhood's friends she joys to meet,
 No shade of danger here can find :
 Though mingled in communion sweet,
 They cannot sound the viewless' mind.

Lock'd in her ever-faithful breast,
 Her secret all discovery braves,
 Safe as the orient pearl will rest
 Beneath unfathomable waves.

“ And who is he whose natal star
 “ With such unrivall'd splendor shines,
 “ Whose countless stores exceed so far,
 “ All India's inexhausted mines ?”

“ O ! 'tis a youth whose ruddy cheek
 “ Vies with the morn's vermilion dye,
 “ Or emulates the clouds that streak
 “ With crimson tints the evening sky.

“ And mantled he in lively green
 “ Up the high mountain joys to go,
 “ Or in the wild-wood chace is seen
 “ The foremost with his silver bow.”

Homeward the sisters now return,
 Their bosoms charg'd with deadly hate,
 And with excessive envy burn,
 And curse their own inferior fate.

XI.

Exulting PSYCHE bids again
 The obedient sprites her sisters bear ;
 Borne by the ministering train,
 Again arrive the baleful pair.

“ And who is he whose natal star
 “ With such unrivall'd splendor shines,
 “ Whose countless stores exceed so far
 “ All India's inexhausted mines ?”

“ O ! he is one unbroke by care,
 “ The rose of beauty lingers yet,
 “ Though here and there a hoary hair
 “ Gleams silvery 'midst his locks of jet.”

" Cease, cease those fables," swift replied
 One sister with unfeeling scorn,
 And " cease thy tales," the other cried,
 " Nor strive to hide thy state forlorn."

" Still ever erring from the truth,
 " Thy childish tongue deceitful ran—
 " Thy husband neither glows with youth,
 " Nor the gray honors boasts of man ;

" He wears no human form—we know
 " Unerring are the words of heaven ;
 " And of all humankind the foe
 " Thee for a mate the gods have given.

" We know him well—then wherefore hide.
 " From thy dear sisters' love thy care,
 " Nor to our kindred breasts confide
 " The ills that thou art doom'd to bear !"

Then as they wipe the artful tear,
 Loud on the pitying Gods they call,
 Till sooth'd by love, or urg'd by fear,
 The trembling ΠΥΤΗΞ tells them all.

“ We knew it well !—nay, do not start,”
 The base malignant fury cried,
 “ We know, unhappy girl ! thou art
 “ A vast and venom'd serpent's bride. ”

“ We learnt it from the neighbouring hinds,
 “ Who every night his form survey,
 “ As through yon crystal stream he winds
 “ In alimy folds his sinuous way.

“ Or as at day-break he along
 “ In many a spiral volume trails,
 “ And vibrates quick his forky tongue,
 “ And glitters in his burnish'd scales.

" Yes ! though with heaven's own transports warm
 " Thy soul in boundless rapture swims,
 " Soon, coil'd around thy slender form,
 " He'll writhing crush thy mangled limbs !"

Thus the hyena speaks and weeps—
 Cold damps on PŪCHK's forehead start,
 Her tingling flesh with horror creeps,
 The life-blood curdling in her heart.

All ghastly pale her beautiful check,
 She throws her moonstruck gaze around,
 Utters a feeble, faltering shriek,
 And senseless sinks upon the ground.

Then as some parch'd and withering flower
 Reviving sucks the evening dew,
 To bide the insufferable power
 Of the meridian sun anew ;

So, when the UNKNOWN'S distracted wife
 Recovers her unwelcome breath,
 She only hails returning life
 To shudder at approaching death.

XII.

The sisters still their schemes pursue,
 Their vengeance ripens in the bud,
 And thus they urge her to embrue
 Her weak and inn'cent hands in blood.

" Cut thou the knot the Fates have tied,
 " Nor let dismay thine efforts damp,
 " But in the figur'd tap'stry hide,
 " To guide thy stroke, this faithful lamp.

" And take this dagger keen and bright,
 " And when his eyes are clos'd in rest,
 " Directed by the friendly light,
 " Deep plunge it in the monster's breast."

Thou who in love's soft dreams has felt,
 Whilst envying Gods were hovering near,
 Thy soul in sweet delirium melt,
 Say, canst thou ~~slay~~ thy lover dear?

And canst thou spread thy murderous toils
 For him thy soul's best joy of late?
 Ah me! her sickening heart recoils,
 Disgusted from her viperous mate.

XIII.

Her mantle o'er them Darkness throws,
 On the ~~Unknow~~ soft languors creep,
 Who leaves his false one to repose,
 And sinks into the arms of sleep.

Now trembling, now distracted; bold,
 And now irresolute she seems;
 The blue lamp glimmers in her hold,
 And in her hand the dagger gleams.

Prepar'd to strike the wondrous seat,
 The blue light glist'ning from above,
 The numerous stars aspects with fear,
 —And gaze on the GOD OF LOVE!

Not such a young and frolic child
 As poets feign, or sculptors plan;
 No, no, she sees with transport wild,
 Eternal beauty veil'd in man.

His cheek's incarnat'd ornament glow'd
 Like rubies on a bed of pearls,
 And down his ivory shoulder flow'd
 In clustering tresses his golden curls.

Soft as the cygnet's down his wings;
 And as the falling snow-flake lies,
 Each light elastic feather springs,
 And dances in the balmy air.

The pure and vital stream he breathes,
 Makes e'en the lamp shine doubly bright,
 Which its gay flame enamour'd wreathes,
 And gleams with scintillating light.

There loosely strung that bow was hung,
 Whose twanging cord Immortals fear,
 And on the floor his quiver flung,
 Lay stor'd with many an arrow, near.

Grasp'd in her sacrilegious hands,
 She with the arrows play'd and laugh'd—
 The crimson on her finger stands,
 She's wounded by the poison'd shaft!

The red blood riots in her veins,
 Her feverish pulses wildly beat,
 Whilst every waken'd fibre strains
 And throbs with palpitating heat.

With eyes, where sparkling rapture swims,
 She contemplates his sleeping grace,
 Hangs fondly o'er his well turn'd limbs,
 And joins to his her fervid face.

But as her views intent to foil,
 Or as that form it long'd to kiss,
 Dropt from the lamp, the burning oil,
 Arous'd him from his dreams of bliss.

Sudden loud thunders shake the skies,
 The enchanted palace sinks around,
 And sanguine-streaming fires arise,
 Meteorous from the trembling ground.

And swift as when in fury hurls
 Jove's red right arm the forky light,
 The wounded Godhead eddying whirls
 Into the heaven of heavens his flight.

XIV:

In vapoury twilight damp and chill,
 The languid star fades pale away,
 The high peak of the distant hill
 Is gilded by the gleams of day.

And who is that distracted fair
 Reclin'd beneath yon spreading yew?
 Sworn are her eyes, her dark brown hair
 Is pearly with the morning dew.

Her spring of life now seems to flag,
 In wild delirium now she raves—
 O, see! from that o'erjutting crag
 She plunges in the foaming waves!

But he who o'er the stream presides
 The frantic girl in pity bore,
 Quick darting through his billowy tides,
 In safety to the opposing shore.

There in a tower with wood-moss lin'd,
 With v'lets blue, and cowslips gay,
 Old PAN, by CANNA's side reclin'd,
 Sung many a rustic roundelay.

While wandering from his heedless eyes,
 His white goats cropt the neighbouring brake,
 The God in this unfashion'd guise
 With no ungentle feelings spake :

" Sweet girl ! though rural is the air
 " That I the king of shepherds wear,
 " As assay'd silver, tried, and sage,
 " And prudent, are the words of age.
 " Then list, O list, sweet girl, to me !
 " By my divining power I see,
 " Both from thy often-reeling pace,
 " And from thy pale and haggard face,

" And from thy deep and frequent sigh,
 " While grief hangs heavy on thine eye,
 " That all the ills thou'rt doom'd to prove,
 " Are judgments of the God of Love.
 " Then list, O list, sweet girl, to me,
 " Seek not by death thy soul to free,
 " But cast thy cares, thy griefs away,
 " To CUPID without ceasing pray,
 " And soon that soft luxurious boy
 " Will tune anew thy mind to joy."

XV.

The shipman seeks his native vales,
 He's come afar from o'er the sea,
 He longs to tell his wond'rous tales
 Of dangers on the stormy lee.

He'll tell the wender-stirring tales
 To those dear friends he left behind—
 Ah me! within his native vales
 His sickening soul no friend can find.

Thus **PSYCHE**; to one sister goes,
 That sister's vital spark is fled :
 To meet the other next she rose,
 But she is number'd with the dead.

And she will seek her father's state,
 And there her parents' blessings crave—
 Press'd by the heavy hand of fate,
 They too rest peaceful in the grave !

XVI.

And now the milk-white Albatross,
 To **VENUS** who in Ocean laves
 Circled with Sea-nymphs, scuds across
 On oary wings the rippling waves.

“ Great queen,” the feather'd chatterer said,
 “ Know'st thou not what thy hopeful son,
 “ Enamour'd of a worthless maid,
 “ Has in his amorous folly done ?

" No Nymph, no Muse, thy boy adores,
 " No Grace, no Goddess is his flame,
 " His love he on a mortal pours,
 " And PRACHE is the damsel's name.

" And groaning now within thy face,
 " In anguish penitent lies he,
 " For he too late has felt the pain
 " Of female curiosity."

Venus then calls her doves, and soon
 With quick step mounts her golden car,
 Arch'd inwards like the waning moon,
 And brilliant as the morning star.

Around her sparrows chirping play,
 Exulting strain their little throats,
 And all the warblers of the spray
 Pour sweetly their mellifluous notes.

She cuts the clouds, she skims the heaven,
 Till, reach'd the palace of the sky,
 Her fanciful behest is given
 To the wing'd herald MERCURE.

“ Take thou this volume in thy hand,
 “ With *PSYCHE*'s history mark'd, and name,
 “ And thus in every clime and land,
 “ And every state aloud proclaim—

“ If any man shall seize and bring
 “ The flying daughter of a king,
 “ Handmaid of *VENUS*, or will tell
 “ Where *PSYCHE* now conceal'd may dwell,
 “ Let him to *Murtia* straight repair,
 “ Make the much wish'd discovery there,
 “ And *CYTHERRA*, queen of charms,
 “ Sole sovereign of extatic blisses,
 “ Will clasp him in her grateful arms,
 “ And greet him with seven fervid kisses!”

XVII.

Now four long tedious moons are spent,
 She hears no tidings of her lord,
 Yet still her wandering steps are bent
 In search of him her soul ador'd.

She pray'd at CERES' corn-wreath'd shrine,
 And JUNO's altar deck'd with flowers ;
 But sternly bound by pact divine,
 No succour lend the pitying powers.

Till wearied with unnumber'd woes,
 And render'd valiant by despair,
 She to the Murtian temple goes—
 Perchance her true love tarries there.

O, turn thee from the perilous way !
 Ah ! wherefore work thine own annoy ?
 Yon priestess, CUSTOM, marks her prey,
 And eyes thee with malignant joy.

Instant she on her victim springs,
 She mocks the unavailing prayer,
 Furious her withered hand earings,
 And drags her by her flowing hair.

Then laughing VENUS bids with speed,
 Her handmaids on the pavement throw
 Of all the flowering plants the seed
 That in the Hesperian gardens blow.

And she must each assort before
 The dewfall shall the damp grass steep,
 While sentry at the chamber door
 SOLICITUDE and SORROW keep.

A little ant the mandate heard,
 The oppressive mandate with disdain ;
 For e'en the weakest 'tis averr'd
 Will on the oppressor turn again.

And insect myriads never ceas'd
 Their labors till the setting sun,
 When VENUS, rising from the feast,
 With wonder saw the hard task done.

XVIII.

Now rose, in glory rose the morn,
 And VENUS bids her captive go
 To yon fair stream, whose currents, borne
 In circling eddies, babbling flow.

" There grazing the wild flock," she cried,
 " With golden fleeces shalt thou see,
 " Then from the bright ram's shaggy side,
 " The precious wool bring back to me."

Trembling she goes—she gazes round,—
 Say whence that heavenly voice proceeds,
 That like the soft flute's mellow sound
 Breathes sweetly through the whispering reeds ?

' Fierce while glares the noon-day sun,
 " Thou the dread adventure shun,
 " While the ram his rival scorns
 " Furious with his jutting horns ;
 " But beneath yon plane-tree's shade,
 " In concealment be thou laid,
 " Till the eve-star, pale and fair,
 " Glimmers through the misty air ;
 " Then in safety may'st thou pull
 " From his fleece the golden wool."

Yet though this labour she performs,
 No grace with VENUS can she find,
 Her stony heart no pity warms,
 Another trial waits behind.

XIX.

" Down from that cloud-capt mountain's brow,
 " A never-ceasing cataract pours,
 " Whose feathery surges dash below
 " In thunder on the Stygian shores ;

" Thou on the dangerous brink must stand,
 " And dip this goblet in the spring :
 " Descending then with steady hand
 " The black transparent crystal bring."

Nimble the mountain steep she'd climb,
 But thence impervious rocks arise,
 Whose awful foreheads frown sublime,
 And lift their bold crags to the skies.

While horrid voices howl around,
 " Fly ! swiftly fly !" — " Forbear, forbear !"
 Vast stones, with heart-appalling sound,
 Are hurl'd into the groaning air.

And on the right, and on the left,
 Four ever-watchful dragons fly,
 Flame-breathing through each dizzy cleft,
 Their long and flexile necks they ply.

Though beauty's queen no pity feels,
The bold rapacious bird of Jovæ
His succour to the afflicted deals,
In reverence to the God of Love.

He sees her blasted hopes expire,
He leaves the liquid fields of light,
And whirling round in many a gyre
Majestic wings his rapid flight.

High o'er the dragons see him tower,
Up-darting through the azure air!
And high above the stony shower
The bowl his crooked talons bear.

Now to the grateful maid he brings
The sparkling waters bright and clear,
Then spreads again his ample wings,
And soaring quits this nether sphere.

XX.

Can beauty no compassion know ?
 Sure Mercy must her bright beams dart,
 And piercing through those hills of snow,
 Melt e'en the adamantine heart !

Ah no ! by VENUS' stern command
 PSYCHE to PROSPERINE is sped ;
 Shivering she seeks the dreary land,
 The sun-less mansions of the dead.

The unopen'd casket she must bring,
 Whose weak and fragile sides entomb
 From beauty's uncreated spring
 The essence of eternal bloom.

Fearful and sad she journey'd on,
 While silence rul'd the midnight hour,
 To where the unsteady moon-beam shone
 Reflected from a ruin'd tower.

And thence she heard these warning notes,
 Carol'd as clear as clear might be,
 Sweet as the mermaid's lay that floats
 Melodious on the charmed sea.

“ Sunk her spirit, whelm'd in woe,
 “ Does the royal captive go?
 “ Does her heart, oppress'd with dread,
 “ Shudder to approach the dead?
 “ Where the cavern yawns around,
 “ Enter there the dark profound:
 “ Soon thy path a crippled ass,
 “ By a cripple led, shall pass,
 “ Fainting they beneath their task—
 “ He assistance oft will ask,
 “ But in these infernal lands
 “ Touch not with unhallow'd hands,
 “ Cautious thou, without delay
 “ Onward, onward, speed thy way!
 “ In old CHARON's creaking boat,
 “ O'er the dead stream thou must float;

" There the livid corse thou'lt see
 " Stretch his blue-swoln hand to thee,
 " Frown thou on his suit severe,
 " Mercy were destruction here !
 " See those crones that on the left
 " Weave the many-colour'd weft,
 " See them, how they this way wend
 " Asking thee thy aid to lend,
 " But in these infernal lands
 " Touch not with unhallow'd hands,
 " Cautious thou, without delay
 " Onward, onward, speed thy way !
 " Dipt the sop in Hydromel
 " Charm the three-neck'd dog of Hell ;
 " Then from her imperial seat
 " Thee the shadowy queen shall greet,
 " Shall for thee the feast prepare—
 " Thou that feast refuse to share,
 " But upon the pavement spread
 " Take the black and mouldy bread—
 " By the queen soon set at large,
 " Back now bear thy precious charge :
 " Over all, thy curious mind
 " In the chains of prudence bind,

" Nor the strict command infringe,
 " Move not thou the golden hinge !
 " Gladsome then without delay
 " Onward, onward speed thy way !"

XXI.

She has seen the secrets of the deep,
 And through o'er-whelming horrors past,
 How her recovering pulses leap,
 To hail the day-star's gleams at last !

" Do I then bear eternal bloom
 " Alone to make my tyrant shine ?
 " Say rather let its tints illumine
 " These wan and woe-worn cheeks of mine ;

" Whilst I will revel in the rays
 " Of beauty in the casket hid ;"—
 Alas ! no beam of beauty plays
 Delightful from the lifted lid !

But from the empty casket sprang
 Of Stygian fogs the baleful breath,
 And heavy o'er her blanch'd frame hang
 The damp unwholesome dews of DEATH,

XXII.

The fields of nature to deform
 Not always drives the furious blast,
 And shall misfortune's moral storm
 'Gainst meek endurance ever last ?

No, though unnumber'd ills assail,
 Though man behold no succour nigh,
 Though with the frailest of the frail,
 Presumption tempt the prying eye ;

Yet, if the germ of virtue live,
 Let constant faith her sufferings brave ;
 Goodness is powerful to forgive,
 And Heaven omnipotent to save.

CUPID, with downcast, humbled mien,
 Has to the THUNDERER breath'd his care,
 The ALMIGHTY FATHER smil'd serene,
 And granted his adorer's prayer.

Now flies he joyful to her aid,
 He gently rais'd her falling head,
 With his bright arrow touch'd the maid,
 And rous'd her from her cheerless bed.

He animates anew her charms,
 Warm o'er her breathes the light of love,
 Then bears her in his circling arms,
 And stands before the throne of Jove.

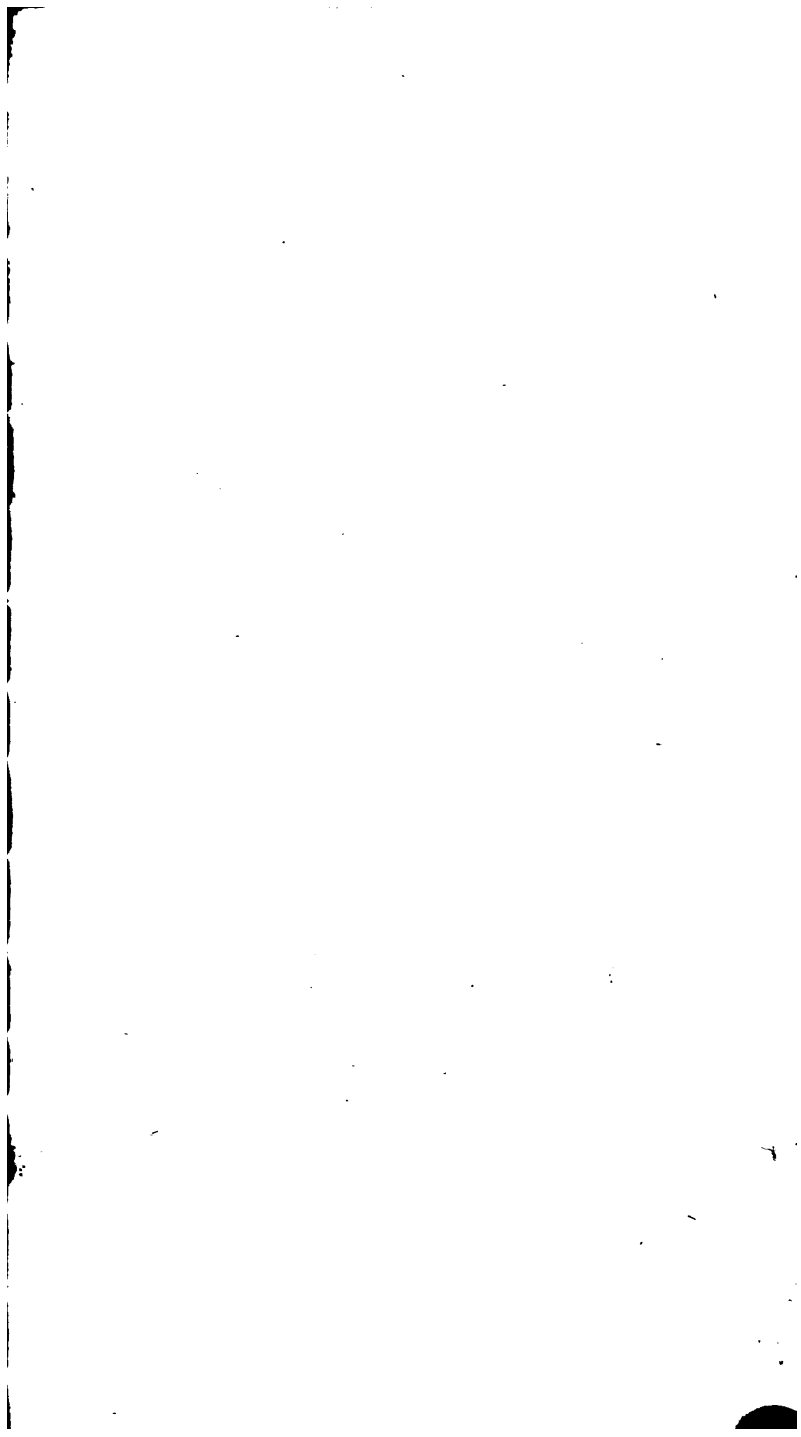
But on the Sovereign of the skies
 What fleshly optics dare to gaze?
 And PSYCHE with averted eyes
 Shrinks trembling from th' excessive blaze:

'Till **HAZEL** raising to her lips
 The ambrosial Goblet foaming high,
 Wrapt in extatic trance she sips
 The fount of **IMMORTALITY** !

Purpled with roses dance the **HOURS**,
 The **GRACES** scattering odours play,
 And crown'd with never-fading flowers
 The **MUSES** hymn the jocund lay.

And onwards up the æthereal arch
 Glad **HYMEN** leads the festive train,
 As o'er the rainbow's hues they march,
 And links them in his golden chain.

While soon to bless the faithful pair ;
 With eye of laughter, soul of flame,
 Burst into life a daughter fair,
 And **PLEASURE** was the infant's name.





ODES,
CHIEFLY FROM
THE NORSE TONGUE,
BY
THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS, ESQUIRE.*

.....

- * This gentleman is the reputed author of that celebrated production, "The Pursuits of Literature."

ODES
CHIEFLY FROM
THE NORSE TONGUE.

The two first Odes are taken from the Treatise of Bartholinus on the Causes of the Contempt of Death among the Danes.*

For an account of this mythology, the Northern Antiquities of Mr. Mallet, translated in two volumes 8vo. may be consulted with advantage.

.....
* Barthol. De Causis Contemptae Mortis apud Danos.
L. 2. C. 14.

ODE I.
THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;
OR,
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE
WORLD.

ARGUMENT.

The **TWILIGHT OF THE GODS**, in the Northern Mythology, is that period when Lok, the evil Being, shall break his confinement; the human race, the stars, and the sun shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself, and all his kindred Gods, shall perish.

The following Ode contains a description of the events which, according to this dark mythology, will precede the destruction of the world.

ODE I.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

FROM the chambers of the East,
In robes of terror grimly drest,
Ymir* hath his course begun,
Rival of th' unwearied Sun.
Now, in many a glist'ring wreath,
Above, around, and underneath,
The serpent dread, of dateless birth,
Girds the devoted globe of earth ;
And, as charm'd by pow'rful spell,
Ocean heaves with furious swell :
While the vessel's† floating pride
Stems duration's rounding tide.

.....

* From Ymir were descended all the families of the giants.....*Edda*.

† In the poetry of the North, the earth is styled, "The vessel that floats on ages."

Trace again the solemn rhyme ;
 From Orient's ever-teeming clime
 I see them come,* an evil race,
 Bold in heart, and stern in face :
 In turbulent array they sweep,
 Beneath them groans the burthen'd deep
 Fierce they rush, yet all obey
 Monarch Lok's resistless sway.
 Gaunt and wild with savage howl,
 Mark the wolfish Fenris prowl ;
 With him stalks a furious train,
 Panting for th' ensanguin'd plain :
 Is Beliep's brother left behind ?
 No :—he flies on wings of wind.

Ask ye what is done above ?
 No more in halls of joy and love,
 The favour'd guests, profuse of soul,
 Drain the skull or nectar'd bowl :

.....

* The Muspelli, a sort of Genii.

What Genii shake that nodding frame ?
 These are deeds without a name.
 Struck with elemental jar,
 Gods themselves come forth to war :
 From their adamantine dome,
 Giant tenants loosen'd roam,
 And around each rock-hewn cell
 With heaving groan, or fearful yell,
 Declare what uncontrolled pow'r
 Presiding rules the mortal hour.
 These no acts of joy and love :
 Know ye now what's done above ?

From the regions of the South
 Surtur* bursts with fiery mouth :
 High o'er yonder black'ning shade
 Gleams the hallow'd sun-bright blade,
 Which, in star-bespangled field,
 Warrior Gods encount'ring wield.

.....
 * The prince of the Genii of fire.

From the red celestial store
 Ministers of ruin pour ;
 Caverns yawning, mountains rending :
 Conscious of the fate impending,
 Ydrasil's prophetic ash
 Nods to the air with sudden crash.
 Monstrous female forms advance,
 Stride the steed, and couch the lance ;
 Armed heroes throng the plain,
 Harbingers of Hela's* reign ;
 And see, from either verge of heaven,
 That concave vast asunder riven.

Why does beautiful Lina weep ?
 Whence those lorn notes in accent deep ?
 A day of war !—prepare, prepare :
 Aloft in distant realms of air,
 Mark the murd'rous monster† stalk,
 In printless majesty of walk.

.....

* The Goddess of death.

† Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

Odin fearless meets the shock,
 The towers of heaven around him rock
 Though arm'd in panoply divine,
 He yields, and owns the fated sign ;
 To the mansions drear he turns :
 In vain the beautiful Lina mourns.

Glowing with paternal fire,
 Generous rage and fierce desire,
 See Odin's offspring, Vidar bold,
 His sanguine course unfalt'ring hold.
 In vain 'gainst him, in fell accord,
 Giant forms uplift the sword ;
 He locks his foe in iron sleep,
 And stamps the filial vengeance deep.

Signs abroad portentous low'r ;
 'Tis desolation's fated hour.
 From the cavern deep and dank,
 Bonds that burst, and chains that clank,

Proclaim the grisly form canine*
 Loosen'd from his long confine.
 Fiery shapes the æther wing ;
 Surtur calls, they know their king ;
 Dark encircling clouds absorb
 The lustre of light's central orb ;
 Conscious stars no more dispense
 Their gently beaming influence ;
 But bursting from their shaken sphere,
 Unsubstantial disappear.
 No more this pensile mundane ball
 Rolls through the wide ærial hall ;
 Ingulphed sinks the vast machine.
 Who shall say, THE THINGS HAVE BEEN ?

.....

* Garmar.....*Edda*.

ODE II.
THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,
AND
FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

ARGUMENT.

**The Gods (or Dæmons) meet on the top of mount Inda,
and sing the following prophetic song of triumph.**

ODE II.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD.

Now the spirit's plastic might,
Brooding o'er the formless deep,
O'er the dusk abyss of night,
Bids creation cease to sleep !

Instant from the riven main
Starts the renovated Earth ;
Pine-clad mountain, shaded plain ;
See, 'tis Nature's second birth !

Gods on Inda spread the board ;
Such was the supreme decree :
Swell the strains in full accord,
Strains of holiest harmony !

" High the sparkling beverage pour ;
 " Be the song with horror fraught ;
 " Mark ! the consecrated hour
 " Lifts the soul to solemn thought.

" Odin first inspires the verse,
 " Gor'd by the relentless fang ;
 " Ether felt the conflict fierce,
 " Dying groan, and parting pang.

" Where is now his vaunted might ?
 " Where the terror of his eye ?
 " Fleed for aye from scenes of light :
 " Pour the sparkling beverage high.

" Lo ! they fleet in radiant round,
 " Years of plenty, years of joy :
 " Sorrow's place no more is found,
 " Cares that vex, or sweets that cloy.

" From the kindly teeming soil,
 " Ripen'd harvests wave unsown ;
 " Wherefore needs the peasant's toil ?
 " Nature works, and works alone.

" Ask ye, whose the scepter'd sway ?
 " 'Tis to lordly Balder given :
 " Mark him there, in bright array,
 " Stalking through the halls of heaven.

" Hoder holds united reign ;
 " Latest times their strength shall prove,
 " Monarchs of the bleak domain.
 " Know ye now what's done above ?

" Is it blest delusion's hour ?
 " Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance ?
 " Beams of glory round me shower ;
 " Troops of radiant forms advance.

“ Founded on that firm-set rock,
“ Rising view the dome of gold,
“ Fix'd secure from wintry shock :
“ There the good, and there the bold.

“ High in tracts of troubled air,
“ Justice waves her awful sword :
“ Vice appall'd, with hideous stare,
“ Shrinks, ere spoke the dooming word.

“ In Nastronda's northern plain,
“ Hark, th' invenom'd portals ope :
“ Respite there is none of pain,
“ Cheerless all, without a hope.

“ Dog-ey'd Lust, Adul'try foul,
“ Murder red with many a stain,
“ At the fatal entrance scowl,
“ Bound in adamantine chain.

" Know ye what is done above !

" Know ye now the deeds of night ?"

They spoke : the feast of joy and love

Glow'd on Inda's glist'ring height.



ODE III.

DIALOGUE

AT

THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR.

ARGUMENT.

Hervor repairs to the tomb of her father Argantyr, at the dead of night, and invokes his spirit to deliver up the magical sword Trifingus, which was buried with him.

ODE III.

DIALOGUE

AT

THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR.

Hervor.

THY daughter calls; Argantyr, break
The bonds of death; she calls, awake.
Reach me forth the temper'd blade,
Beneath thy marble pillow laid;
Which once a scepter'd warrior bore,
Forg'd by dwarfs* in years of yore.
Where are the sons of Angrim fled?
Mingled with the valiant dead.
From under twisted roots of oak,
Blasted by the thunder's stroke,
Arise, arise, ye men of blood,
Ye who prepar'd the Vulture's food;
Give me the sword, and studded belt;
Armies whole their force have felt:

.....

† Dwarfs, or *Nasi*, are Cyclopa in the Northern sense.

Or grant my pray'r, or mould'ring rot,
 Your name, your deeds alike forgot.
 Argantyr, rouse thee from thy rest ;
 Hear, and grant my firm request.

Argantyr.

Daughter, I hear the magic sound
 Mutter'd o'er this sacred ground :
 Why call'st thou thus ? What dire intent
 Is within thy bosom pent ?
 No friendly hand, no parent, gave
 My bones to rest in hallow'd grave ;
 To me no solemn rite was paid ;
 Here by barbaric hands convey'd,
 In this mansion cold, forlorn,
 My gloomy ghost shall ever mourn.
 Think not by unceasing pray'r,
 Hence the charmed sword to bear ;
 For know above, in realms of light,
 Trifingus is another's right.

Hervor.

Ha ! my Sire, what words accurst
 Have from the lip of falsehood burst ?
 Thou know'st, with thee in darkness laid,
 Sleeps the consecrated blade :

Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

Argantyr.

With awe my words prophetic hear ;
Hervor, 'tis for thee I fear :
The fates have seal'd thy offspring's doom
Trifingus brings them to the tomb.

Hervor.

Talk not to me of future times :
I swear, by force of magic rhymes,
Repose the dead shall know no more,
Till thou the gifted sword restore.

Argantyr.

Maid, thy warlike soul I bless,
Who rov'st by night in armed dress,
With spell-wrought helmet, iron proof,
And garments wove in mystic woof ;
Who dar'st in thrilling accents call
The dead from their sepulchral hall.

Hervor.

No more this idle converse hold ;
Once I thought thy spirit bold :

Give me forth the radiant brand ;
 Hear, and grant my just demand.
 Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
 Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

Argantyr.

Here within the fated sheath,
 Hjalmar's ruin lies beneath,
 Wrapt in its own terrific flame ;
 What maid but trembles at the name ?

Hervor.

I tremble not—the flame though bright,
 Is but ineffectual light,
 That plays around the buried corse,
 With meteor glare devoid of force ;
 I'll grasp the sword in terror drest,
 And give thy gloomy spirit rest.

Argantyr.

Rash virgin, to thy pray'r I yield ;
 Lo ! Trifingus stands reveal'd,*
 Blazing like the noon day sun !
 King of men, 'tis nobly done :

.....

* Here the sword is delivered to Hervor from the tomb-

Hervor.

This blade with rapt'rous joy I own,
A greater gift than Norway's throne.

Argantyr.

Fond, exulting daughter, know,
These transports work thee lasting woe ;
By the dread sword ('tis thus decreed)
Thy sons, e'en Hydreck's self, shall bleed.

Hervor.

I must to my ships repair ;
Battle is the warrior's care.
If in the purple fount of life
They steep the steel in mortal strife ;
By no ignoble stroke they fall,
And sink with joy to Odin's hall.

Argantyr.

Hie thee hence from death's domain,
With rev'rence keep Hialmar's bane ;
Thou art of a race divine,
Take the gift the gods assign.

Hervor.

Never shall Trifingus sleep,
 But move with desolating sweep ;
 Never fear invade my breast,
 Nor dying sons my peace molest ;
 If by Trifingus' stroke they fall,
 They sink with joy to Odin's hall.

Argantyr.

Hark ! e'en now with sullen moan,
 Victims twelve beneath thee groan :
 Armed in paternal might,
 Go forth, my child, and dare the fight :
 Angrim's portion'd wealth is thine ;
 Take the gift the gods assign.

Hervor.

Now, in the silence of the tomb,
 Dwell undisturb'd till final doom :
 I must tread my destin'd road,
 And speed me from this drear abode :
 For here, as still my steps I turn,
 Flaky fires around me burn.

ODE IV.

B A T T L E.*

Who the deeds of war shall sing?—
 Fingal struck the deep-ton'd string,
 Valour's noblest, best reward,
 Fingal chief, and Fingal bard.

Mark exulting heroes throng,
 Starno bold, and Trenmor strong;
 See the force of Gaul advance;
 Fergus lifts the glittering lance;
 Lowering there each warrior shield,
 Like darken'd moon in starry field.
 Hark! they join ('twas Swaran's word)
 Man to man, and sword to sword;
 Groans of dying armies fill
 The deepen'd vale, the lofty hill,
 As the whirlwind's rapid might
 Breaks the silence of the night:
 While pouring o'er the stained ground,
 Sanguine torrents smoke around.

.....
 • The images selected from the works attributed to Ossian.

What spirit that, which mounts the blast ?
His form with sorrow's clouds o'ercast,
His faded hue, and sullen state.
Speak the messenger of fate.

As the ocean's troubled roar,
When surges sweep the whitening shore ;
As on Morven's stormy brow
Thousand blasts in conflict blow ;
As the thunder's rattling march,
Rending heav'n's affrighted arch ;
O'er th' embattled crimson heath
Hurles to the voice of Death.

ODE V.

T U D O R.*

FILL the horn of glossy blue,
Ocean's bright cerulean hue ;
Briskly quaff the flav'rous mead,
'Tis a day to joy decreed.
High the fame of Tudor's birth,
Valour his, and conscious worth.

Have you seen the virgin snow,
That tops old Aran's peering brow ;
Or lucid web, by insect spun,
Purpureal gleam in summer sun ?
With such, yet far diviner light,
Malvina hits the dazzled sight ;
Such the reward, can Tudor's breast
Dare to court ignoble rest ?

From the cliff sublime and hoary
See descending martial glory ;

.....

* See Mr. Evans's specimens of the Welsh bards.

Armed bands aloft uprear
Crimson banner, crimson spear ;
Venodotia's ancient boast
Meets the pride of London's host ;
On they move with step serene,
And form a dreadly pleasing scene.

Heard you that terrific clang ?
Thro' the pathless void it rang :
Th' expecting raven screams afar,
And snuffs the reeking spoils of war.

Have you e'er on barren strand,
Ta'en your solitary stand,
And seen the whirlwind's spirit speed
O'er the dark green billowy bed ?
Glowing in the thickest fight,
Such resistless Tudor's might.

ODE VI.

AN INCANTATION,

FOUNDED ON THE

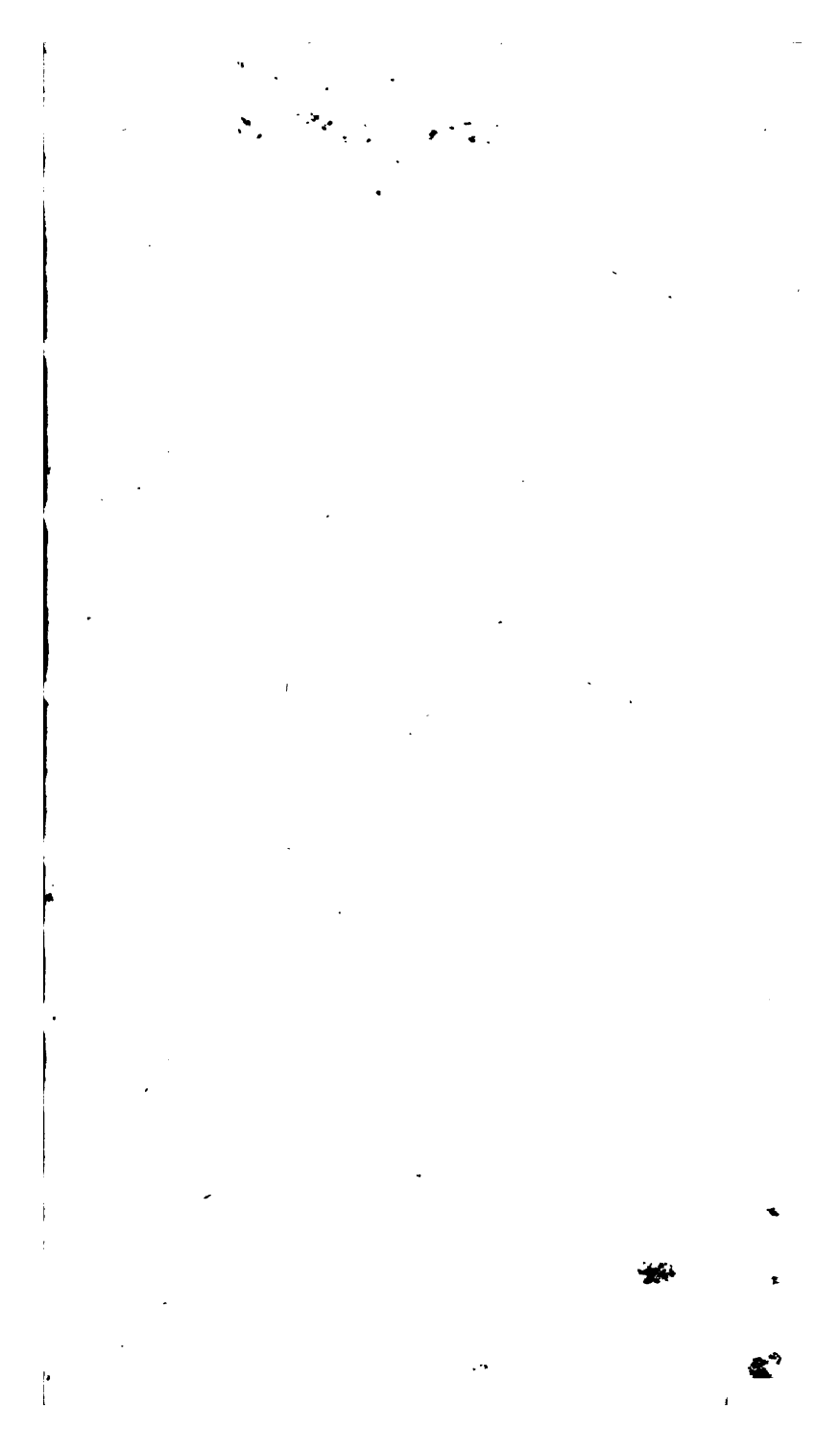
NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

HEAR, ye Rulers of the North,
Spirits of exalted worth !
By the silence of the night,
By subtle magic's secret rite ;
By Peolphán, murky King,
Master of th' enchanted ring ;
By all and each of hell's grim host,
Howling demon, tortured ghost :
By each spell and potent word,
Burst from lips of Glauron's Lord ;
By Coronzon's awful power ;
By the dread and solemn hour,
When Gual fierce, and Damael strong,
Stride the blast that roars along ;
Or in fell descending swoop,
Bid the furious spirit stoop
O'er desolation's gloomy plain,
Haunt of warriors, battle slain.

Now the world in sleep is laid,
THORBIORGA calls your aid.

Mark the sable feline coat,
 Spotted girdle, velvet-wrought ;
 Mark the skin of glistening snake,
 Sleeping seiz'd in forest brake,
 And the chrystal radiant stone,
 On which day's Sovereign never shone ;
 Mark the cross, in mystic round,
 Meetly o'er the sandal bound,
 And the symbols grav'd thereon,
 Holiest Tetragrammaton !
 Now while midnight torches gleam,
 (Rivals of the moon's pale beam,
 On ocean's unfrequented shore
 Some moss-grown ruin silvering o'er,)
 I scatter round this charmed room,
 The fragrance of the myrrh's perfume ;
 And bending o'er this consecrated sword,
 Confirm each murmur'd spell, each inly thrilling
 word.

FINIS.



g.B.







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